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If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—De Foe.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The French Ministry have at last succeeded in doing a supremely foolish thing. They cannot very easily make themselves more ridiculous than they have now done by their resolution to prosecute M. Gambetta for his speech at Lille. One would have thought that they had seen enough of the effect of such an action under the Second Empire. To give the last proof of their imbecility, they announced their resolution to prosecute apparently before they had made sure of the nature of the offence, who was the principal offender, or where the trial was to be held. At first it was given out that M. Gambetta was to be prosecuted directly for insulting the Marshal; but it has appeared since that he never mentioned the Marshal's name, and that, as the speech was delivered at a private banquet, it is not in itself an indictable offence. Accordingly it has been finally decided that the prosecution is to be directed against the *République Française* for the first publication of the speech, and M. Gambetta is to be indicted not for having made the speech but for having been accessory to its publication. The charge against him will not be his having insulted the Marshal, but his having incited French citizens to mutual hatred. At first it was stated that the trial would take place at Lille, but it is now decided that the Court shall be the Correctional Tribunal in Paris. The device of holding the trial in secret and without a jury shows the respect paid by the Ministry to M. Gambetta's oratory. Observers from a distance see that a speech more or less, however eloquent, can make little difference now to the state of the public mind. The mere act of prosecution will help M. Gambetta's popularity more than any number of speeches.

All sorts of conjectures have been made as to the possible meaning of the prosecution, on the supposition that it has some reasonable object, and is not simply the act of desperate men who have lost their heads. The Ministerial organs seem to think that it will somehow give an impression to simple-minded electors that M. Gambetta and his friends are dangerous men. Another wise calculation is that the fact of M. Gambetta's being prosecuted will make it impossible for him ever to take office under the Marshal, and will sow disunion among the Republican leaders. This train of reasoning is difficult to follow. The most probable explanation is that they expected that so high-handed an act would provoke the Republicans to violent measures, and so prejudice them with moderate men and lovers of security. If the Republican party had been less strong and confident, this device might have succeeded. But, as it is, the Republicans are too strong to be easily thrown into a panic; they do not organise riots and raise barricades; they only laugh, and the Ministers will find their ridicule a very difficult weapon to parry.

The *République Française* was not the only paper which published M. Gambetta's speech in full. *La France* boasts that it reproduced the speech in full, without omitting a line or a word, and with all the expressions of approval which it deserved. *La France* professes that it would be delighted to be put at the bar along with its contemporary. The French papers publish long extracts from the leading articles of their English contemporaries, but they are obliged to use a certain discretion. *La France* quotes a passage from the *Daily News* in the following form:—"Les poursuites contre M. Gambetta, au sujet de son discours de Lille, sont *the wildest* abus d'autorité auquel les conseillers du maréchal de Mac-Mahon se soient encore aventurés. Cela ressemble plus au caprice *of some stupid tyrant* réveillé en sursaut qu'à l'acte d'une réunion d'hommes politiques."

There appears to be some reciprocal dissatisfaction between the Marshal and the Court at Chiselhurst. According to the information received at Camden House, it appears that the Left will carry, so far, 380 seats. Should this be the result, it is proposed to challenge as many elections as possible, and not to allow the Assembly to meet till the questions have been decided.

Does the official reply of Mr. Corry to the question respecting the salary of Lord Beaconsfield, in his capacity of Lord Privy Seal, not evade the real point at issue? Nobody said that the Premier was now receiving double salary. What is affirmed is that, up to the close of the last financial year, or March 31 last, he actually received that double salary. Can it be denied, further, that a claim was put forward either for Lord Beaconsfield or by him for his salary as Lord Privy Seal for the quarter ending June 30, that this claim was objected to by the Paymaster-General, and the objection sustained by the Treasury?

Much confusion reigns in Denmark, owing to the long-pending Constitutional conflict. Government having been unable to obtain a budget from the House of Representatives, a provisional ordinance decreed, nevertheless, the levying of taxes. The leaders of the Opposition refrain from advising the non-payment of public imposts; but individual cases of such refusal have led to the employment of forcible means. A clergyman, of the name of Holm, thereupon accused the King, in his sermon, of having violated his oath, declaring him to

have lost his right to the throne. By a so-called Provost's Court, composed of a clergyman and a magistrate, Mr. Holm was condemned, for this offence, to deposition from his office and to an eight months' imprisonment in a common house of correction. A prosecution has been instituted against an editor, who is charged with having incited the people to acts of violent resistance. Though he offered to produce fourteen witnesses to the contrary, all the lawyers whom he wished to engage as counsel in his defence refused giving him legal assistance, because they differ from him in politics! He, therefore, requested the Minister of Justice to provide him with an official defender. It is further stated that the President of the Upper Court is at loggerheads with the Public Prosecutor, which latter belongs to the Opposition. Excepting the state of affairs in France, it would be difficult to find a match anywhere in Europe to such a chaos.

The Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria is making a *Studientour*—an educational tour—in the Adriatic. Great preparations had been made to receive him at Pola and at other parts on the Dalmatian coast, but instructions were suddenly received by the authorities stating that he would not proceed to Pola on his journey eastward "on account of the great heat." He thus arrived at Miramar on August 25, at 8 A.M. Here the park was closed to the public in consequence of orders from Vienna; and at a quarter to ten he went on board the Imperial yacht *Miramar* for Corfu. At Zara the yacht lay-to, and the Prince received the visit of the mayor on board, but did not go on shore. This change in the programme is probably due to Hungarian remonstrances in view of a possible agitation amongst the Slavs like that following the Emperor's famous tour.

Expectations of a stormy scene and a violent disruption at the meeting of the Home Rule Convention at Liverpool have not been fulfilled. There were forty members present, representing fifty branch associations—quite enough to make a row; but they seem to have occupied themselves chiefly in moving and receiving votes of thanks to and from one another. Mr. Butt used some very strong language about the Obstructionists in Parliament, and energetically disclaimed complicity with their proceedings, but he seems to have been mollified since. It was hardly to be supposed that the Home Rulers would not make an effort to keep together when they beheld the Saxon openly rejoicing at the prospect of their disunion. Several of the delegates at the meeting expressed dissatisfaction at the inactivity of the Parliamentary majority, but to Mr. Butt personally they paid every compliment. Mr. Butt "fully recognised the earnestness and honesty of purpose of those who differed from him," and promised that "his best efforts would be directed to healing whatever differences had shown themselves, and to restoring that harmony which was essential to the success of the Irish cause." This speech seems to have banished every angry feeling from the meeting. Mr. Ferguson, in a warmly eulogistic speech, proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Butt for his eminent services. Mr. Parnell, amid loud cheers, seconded, and stated his sincere desire to serve under Mr. Butt's leadership. Mr. Butt "responded with considerable emotion," and for the moment harmony is completely restored.

A good many odd comparisons have been devised to express the essential difference between sensational Liberal legislation and steady, sober, sound, and useful Conservative legislation, and we seem to have heard before something like the figure of speech which Sir Stafford Northcote used for this purpose the other day at Plymouth. "People who have of late years learnt to like sensational legislation have no doubt been disappointed with the quiet work which has of late years fallen to the task of Parliament. But I do not think that those who desire to put a Conservative Government in power were so very anxious to see a continuance of the sensational legislation of past years. Of course, it is much more dashing, much more interesting, and it is much more exciting to see a man driving a team of horses across country, over hedge and over ditch, at the peril of the lives of those whom he is conveying, and steering them sometimes in safety and sometimes with a mishap or two. That is much more exciting than seeing a man driving carefully and steadily along the high road." Driving carefully and steadily along the high road, tumbling occasionally over Messrs. Parnell and Biggar, and such like, but getting up again and driving cheerily on—such is Conservative legislation. But who made the high road? If it was the exciting charioteer who takes his coach-and-four over ditches and hedges, the well-known familiar method of making high roads, he deserves some credit for usefulness also.

A grave question has been raised in Oxford, and gravely settled, whether an undergraduate has a legitimate subject of grievance who is not allowed to read 'The Priest in Absolution' in the Bodleian. An unattached student asked for the book the other day, and the librarian refused it. Professor Thorold Rogers has taken up the question, in his capacity as a delegate or *patronus* of unattached students, and framed an elaborate, exhaustive, and conclusive opinion. It is only by courtesy that an undergraduate is allowed the use of the library at all. The privileged readers are members of Convocation and Bachelors of Arts. The admission to other persons is very freely given; but it is the librarian's duty to guard the treasures contained in the library, as well as to prevent the improper use of books which are not treasures. "I should certainly," Professor Rogers says, "find great fault with the librarians if they allowed undergraduates the use of many books which they might obtain in the library, and against the free use of which the Legislature has elsewhere provided. I need hardly say that it would be in the highest degree improper if the librarians allowed the indiscriminate use of such books to undergraduates and to the majority of persons who obtain permission to use books in the library; and the University might very properly, if such latitude were negligently allowed, prohibit the use of the library to such persons altogether in the interests of public morality." The undergraduate who applied for the book pleaded that he was reading for holy orders. But the authorities have very wisely declined to admit this as a reason for giving him a chance of further corrupting his mind. That privilege they reserve for members of Convocation and Bachelors of Arts.

An early and severe winter is expected on the Lower Danube this year. The storks have already commenced their migration southwards. A large flight passed over Debreczin last Wednesday.

The other day Pop Milo, a relative of Prince Nikita, felt irresistibly impelled to go down and objurgate the Turks in Niksich. He rode down from the heights of Trebesch, armed only with his sword; and, after indulging in a flood of imputations touching the character of all the female relatives of the Turkish sons of pigs, invited the Niksich people to send forth their most valiant champion to single combat with him, at the same time exposing his breast to show that he wore no surreptitious armour. But the Niksich men did not feel inclined to come forth, and Pop Milo fell a victim to Moslem barbarism by a bullet through his heart. He was fifty years of age, and considered the handsomest man in Montenegro. When he fell, the Niksichers sprang forth, cut his head off, carefully washed his face, combed his hair, and sent the trophy back into the Montenegrin camp.

The Madrid Government has decided on granting General Oliver, the Carlist General, Dorregaray's chief of the staff, a full amnesty, and readmitting him into the army with his present Carlist rank. They manage these things quite *entre eux en famille* in Spain, and, whatever may be said about the Spaniards, they cannot be charged with bearing malice. Nearly all the Carlist officers, good, bad, and indifferent, who presented themselves for the *indulto* have been readmitted into the army with their Carlist rank, and in some cases have even actually drawn three years' pay from the Madrid Government for the time they were fighting against it. General Oliver's submission must therefore have been all the more grateful to the Spanish authorities, as the duration of the war in the Basque Provinces was in no small measure owing to him. He was undoubtedly the best strategist, in spite of his youth—he cannot be above thirty-five now—whom the Carlists possessed, and with his great industry, clear-sightedness, and talent for silence, he is undoubtedly an acquisition to the Spanish army. A blue-eyed, fair-haired youth, Oliver's success was great in obtaining the best quarters from the dark-eyed beauties of the towns and, country-houses in which the Carlist picnic was held, and as he always freely shared the advantages with his comrades, he was universally credited with the epithet *bon garçon*. At the same time, this general reappointment of Carlist officers is the reverse of agreeable to the civil population of the Basque Provinces, whose *fueros* are being disregarded, and the young men drafted off into the army unless they are able to pay 8,000 reals (80*l*.) for a substitute. Nor do the Liberals admire the way in which they are arrested by the dozen and packed off to Fernando Po. Such within the last year has been the fate of over one hundred persons in Bilbao. Certainly when one remembers that the failure of Don Carlos was mainly attributable to the steadfast and courageous resistance of the Liberals in Bilbao, Tolosa, Hernani, San Sebastian, Vittoria, and Piugcerda, and these Liberals now see that they are oppressed at every turn and in every way, whilst the Carlists are treated with generous munificence and honour, it is not surprising that the discontent in Guipuzcoa, Biscay, and Alava should be assuming larger and deeper proportions.

The representations made to the Porte by the German Government regarding the observance of the Geneva Convention are said to be based on the passage in Article 6:—"Les militaires blessés ou malades seront recueillis et soignés à quelque nation qu'ils appartiennent." Further, upon the agreement:—"Le mentre d'un ennemi qui ayant mis bas les armes ou n'ayant plus les moyens de se défendre s'est rendu à discrétion;" and: "la déclaration qu'il ne sera pas fait de quartier est défendue."

The news from Asia Minor is simply unintelligible. Either the war there has degenerated into a chronic state of Carlism and a military picnic, with an occasional *feu d'artifice*, or the Russian commanders are in a state of hopeless bewilderment. Either that, or else Mukhtar Pasha is determined that the whole Turkish army shall commit suicide. But the Turks reserve the joyous *harakiri* generally for their Christian subjects, and have not yet arrived at Schopenhauer's negation of life. The facts, however, are these:—The Turks occupied a position on the Aladja range facing the Russian position on the Karakdara. After looking at each other for some time, and amusing themselves with chance encounters between Cossacks and Kurds, Turk and Russ thought it time to do something. What, apparently, did not much matter. So the Russians sent a force, slightly in the rear of the Turkish right wing, to occupy Ani—that is to say, to picnic amongst the ruins of that ancient capital, and make archæological researches. So at least Mukhtar Pasha must have thought, for, quite disregarding the Ani forces, he commanded an attack, and wheeled round his line to the right, and, dislodging the Russian advance at Kizil Tepe, took up a position exactly parallel to the Kars-Alexandropol road at about ten miles' distance from it. By this means he certainly increased the distance between his right flank and the Ani force by about five miles. Under ordinary circumstances, when a general attacks a position in front with an enemy's force in his rear, that enemy usually follows him up and tries to take him between two fires. But the Aniites did no such thing. What they did, nobody knows. It may, therefore, be assumed, with some degree of probability, that they did nothing. Meantime the Russians on Karakdara sent a force to Zaim, their old head-quarters. Having done that, they called them back again. These highly amusing operations are explained by comparing the two armies to a couple of obstinate individuals who have met on a bridge, and neither will give way to the other. The Russians invite the Turks kindly to cross their frontier and see what is in store for them. But the Turk, forgetting his habitual courtesy, refuses, and makes a counter-invitation to the Russians to advance westwards and see what is in store for them there. But the Russians won't and the Turks won't. So each is waiting for the other to do something to break the deadlock. And, as neither side seems to intend to do anything till it is too late in the season, they will probably go home each of them, and begin again, unless the Czar or the Sultan cuts the knot that binds their armies. For the last six weeks it is quite clear that the "contending" forces have been amusing themselves with the composition of innocent nursery parodies. "This is the Turk that slew the Russian that killed the Kurd that murdered the Cossack that butchered the Bashi-bazouk!" And so on. It is amusing, but scarcely worth the money.

A letter from Widdin, dated August 26, states that Hafiz Pasha has entered Lovtcha with 15,000 men, by way of Gabrova and Selvi. The news comes from a source that has hitherto been correct. If true, it confirms the supposition that the attack on the Schibka Passes is a simulated attack on a large scale, in order to cover the transferment of Turkish troops from eastern to western Bulgaria, and to strengthen Osman Pasha's hands. It does not follow that Gabrova and Selvi must be in possession of the Turks. It is just possible that infantry may have made their way over the mountains from the position gained by the Turkish left flank on the Schibka heights, and have gained the road from Gabrova to Trojan at Debeldjal, beyond the Russian outposts, or in spite of them. From that point, a road leads south of Selvi to Lovtcha. If this is the case, Suleiman Pasha has effected a junction with Osman Pasha, and placed the Russians in a really critical position. The same authority states that reinforcements have arrived in Widdin, bringing up the number of troops to 15,000 men, including *redif* and *moustafiz*. The town is victualled for eighteen months; the moat has been cleared out, and an extensive series of outworks constructed and mines laid. The Roumanian artillery at Kalafat has done no damage at all. A Jew spy, who has rendered Osman Pasha great service, arrived in Widdin on the night of August 25, and described the position of the Russians round Plevna and Lovtcha. The head-quarters were then at Poredim. The centre was formed by eight divisions under Generals Zatoff, Krüdener, and Krüloff, and extends from Metchka on the right to Odera (?) on the left. The right wing was formed by the 4th Roumanian division from Metchka to Tcherkess Mahalla on the right bank of the Vid, and by the 3rd Roumanian division on the left bank of the Vid from Mahalla to Oreavitza. The left wing was formed by General Skobeleff's cavalry division and the 2nd division of the first and two divisions of the second Roumanian Corps d'Armée. Thus the Roumanians form both wings of the Russian position, so that they must necessarily be under Russian command. This is, at any rate, one fact in the controversy as to the relations between the Russian and Roumanian head-quarters.

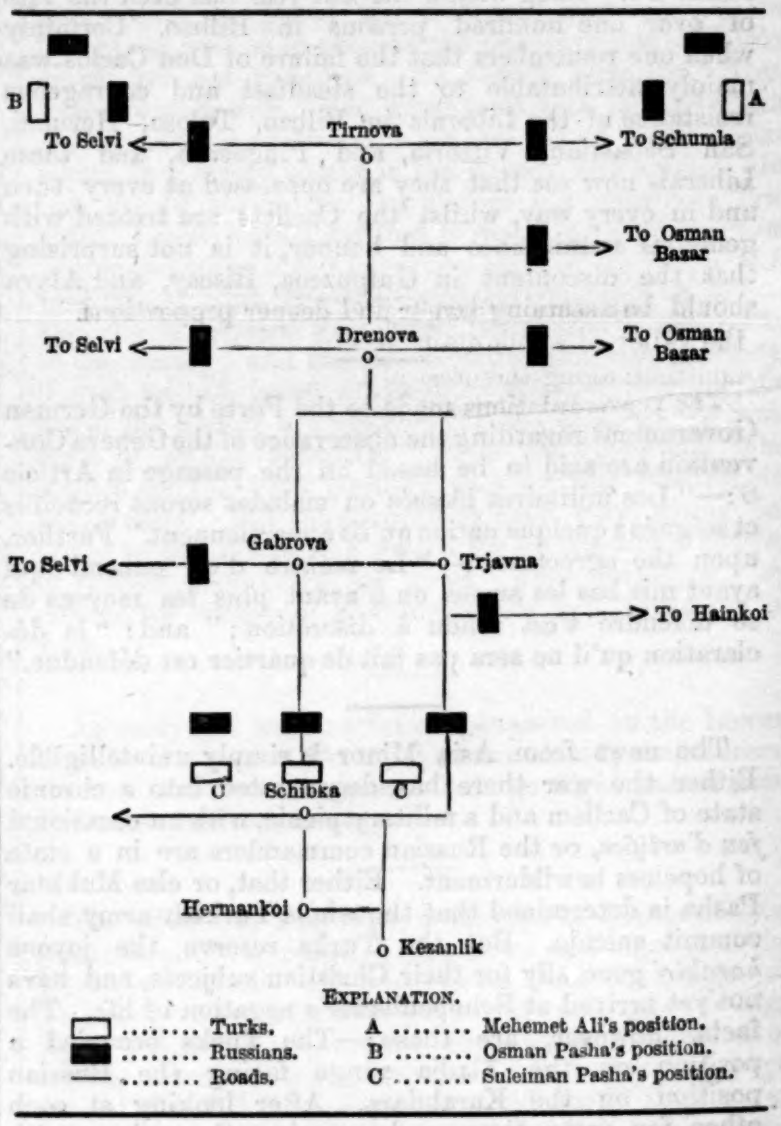
THE BATTLES IN BULGARIA.

The graphic accounts of the fighting in the Schibka Pass, and especially the admirable narrative telegraphed to the *Daily News* by Mr. Forbes, have invested the affair with an importance which is not justified either by the results gained nor the losses incurred on either side. There has been a series of small engagements fought with a furious energy on both sides, and with many exhibitions of heroic valour, which in proportion to the numbers engaged have been very sanguinary; but when we find that the Russian losses during the seven days' fighting are assessed even by the Turks at only 3,000 dead, and that consequently the actual losses in dead may amount to 1,500, or 2,000 at the outside, whilst the wounded are assessed by the Russians at 2,480, it becomes difficult to account for the importance ascribed to Suleiman's feint attack, especially as it is now evident that it is a failure. It is a failure because neither Osman Pasha nor Mehemet Ali have been able to break through the Russian lines guarding the approaches to the first key of the position—Gabrova. We explained this position very fully on August 4, and reproduce what we then said, as it still holds good in all its details:—"To join hands with Mehemet Ali, Osman Pasha must first of all seize Selvi. From Selvi three roads lead to the position of the Russians in the Yantra valley—one *viâ* Boljana to Tirnova, one to Drenova *viâ* Jarela, and one to Gabrova *viâ* Serbegli. Each of these places is occupied still by the Russians, and must be forced before the Turks can advance. If they succeed in carrying them and crossing the Yantra, they would find themselves in a very awkward position still; for the country contained between the two branches of the Yantra from Tirnova to Gabrova is intersected by several good roads, forming a network admirably adapted for combined operations on the part of the defence. It is, therefore, next to impossible for Osman Pasha to succeed. Should he do so, it would be an unexampled feat of generalship and bravery.

"So much for Osman Pasha. Assuming Mehemet Ali to be at Osman Bazar, he could support Osman Pasha also by advancing along three roads. One leads to Tirnova *viâ* Slataritza; a second leads also to Tirnova *viâ* Jakovchi; and a third to Drenova *viâ* Achmedli and Kaliferkoi; but both the latter roads are very circuitous, whilst Slataritza, Jakovchi, and Kaliferkoi are also occupied by the Russians in entrenched positions."

The efforts of the Turkish commanders to carry out this programme have all failed. After the successful attack of Mehemet Ali on August 22, whilst Osman Pasha was trying to break through at Selvi, and his occupation of Ajaslar, in order to cover his advance on Tirnova *viâ* Slataritza, Jakovchi, or Kaliferkoi, the Russians fell back across the Lom and took up a strong position between Papaskoi (Popkoi), Obatchka, and Slataritza, to which considerable reinforcements were directed, and which seriously threaten the flank of any forces advancing from Eski Djuma and Osman Bazar along the roads above mentioned. All these roads run tolerably parallel with each other, and connect the Hainkoi, Stara Rieka, and Kasan Passes in the east with the series of defiles running southwards from Tirnova till they culminate in the Schibka Pass. The character of this series of defiles has been greatly misapprehended. We have repeatedly pointed out that there are several lateral approaches to it both from the east as well as from the west, but at the same time it is quite erroneous to suppose that the Schibka Pass, and the series connecting it with Tirnova, is not a strong position, or is very difficult to hold, as the *Daily News* argues from the description given by Mr. Forbes, which, though correct as far as it goes, does not by any means afford an accurate idea of the whole position. It is no doubt difficult to give in words a clear picture of this very confused territory lying between Tirnova and Schibka; but the following description from notes taken during a couple of months' study on the spot a few years back is practically exhaustive.

The defiles leading from Tirnova to Schibka may be resolved into five distinct sections. The first lies between Tirnova and Drenova; the second, between Drenova and Gabrova; the third, between Drenova and Trjavna; the fourth, between Gabrova and Schibka; and the fifth, between Trjavna and Schibka. Advancing from Tirnova, the road follows the course of the Yantra, which soon issues from a narrow gorge through which it meanders in sluggish bends. This gorge, called, as all similar passes are by the natives, Demir Kapu, or Iron Gate, is not long, but the sides are steep and luxuriantly timbered, and debouches into a marshy plain, formerly doubtless the basin of a lake formed by the Yantra before it had cut its way through the mountains to its present level. Shortly after issuing from this gorge the road passes over the Yantra by a bridge, Ozun-tchan Köprüsi, and then follows the course of the river Drenovka, a tributary of the Yantra, which here makes a sudden bend to the west—or rather comes from the west. The road crosses and recrosses the Drenovka several times; sometimes running along the sole of the valley, sometimes curving round the hill sides, and sometimes crossing the heights, till it reaches Drenova, twelve miles from Tirnova. It is closed towards Tirnova by the above-mentioned gorge, the Demir Kapu, which, with the marshy plain lying before it, presents as strong an obstacle to any attack from the south as it is well possible to imagine. On the other hand, this section is open to an attack from the east by a branch of the road leading from Bebrovo and Elena to Tirnova, which debouches into the Tirnova-Drenova road a mile south of Katrandjikoi, and ten miles south of Tirnova. To the west, the road is unassailable.



At Drenova, a town of some 500 houses lying in the lowlands by the river side, one road comes from Stara Rieka *viâ* Kaliferkoi, thus connecting the Drenova valley with the Hainkoi and Stara Rieka Passes in the east, and another comes from Selvi and Lovatz (Lovtcha). Drenova is thus an important position. Leaving Drenova, the second section commences. The road, instead of following the Drenovka, which here describes a wide curve, open to the east, ascends through a well-timbered valley for about three miles to a con-

siderable height, as a last view may here be obtained of Tirnova, fifteen miles away to the north. It then descends to the village of Kumanovey into the valley of a small tributary of the Drenovka, then ascends again, after splitting into two branches, one running to Gabrova, the other to Trjavna, and descending for the last time into the valley of the Drenovka at Kinytovey. Thence it runs in a curve, open to the west, across an undulating plateau of semi-barren rounded mountain backs, interspersed with groups of oak and beech, and guarded by several stone and wooden *beklemesi*, or Karauls—guard-houses—till it descends into the valley of the Yantra to Gabrova, a town of 1,300, houses on both sides of the river, which is spanned by four stone and two wooden bridges. This section of the road is open on the west to several roads leading from Selvi, and on the east it is connected by three or four with the Drenova-Trjavna section. Gabrova itself is connected on the west by one road with Lovatz *viâ* Selvi, and by a second with Trojan *viâ* Novoselo. In the east, two roads unite it with Trjavna.

The third section from Drenova to Trjavna, which leaves the Drenova-Gabrova road at Kumanovey, runs through the narrow and precipitous valleys and gorges of the Drenovka and its affluent streams, and is separated from the Hainkoi Pass by rugged and impassable mountain masses, though it is true that a mule path connects it shortly before Trjavna with the village of Vcelinskij Bjad, the "Schibka" of the Hainkoi Pass.

The fourth section—Gabrova-Schibka—brings us to the pass over the highest part of the Balkans. Directly after leaving the town, the road across the Yantra, and the ascent commences in earnest, the road overhung on both sides with dense foliage. Half an hour's ascent leads to the first plateau, or rather terrace, whence the road skirts the woods, thinned out towards the west for better protection from attack on the numerous guard-houses along the route, till a stiff winding ascent surmounts the comb 4,860 feet above the sea. The passage is 2,470 yards wide (paces), and was formerly defended by three bastions, thus allowing, as we pointed out last week, of no longer a front for attack than that of 800–1,000 men.

The fifth section from Trjavna to Schibka runs through the valley of a mountain stream for about four miles, and then along the crest of the hills across a stony yet thickly wooded plateau, down a steep descent to the town of Schibka, which is approached from the east, west, and south by five roads—*i.e.* one from Trjavna, one from Tatar Bazardjik, one from Philippopoli, one from Kezanlik, and one from Hermankoi—whilst there is also a road leading through the romantic and narrow gorge of the Ketchi-Dere from Kezanlik, which joins the Trjavna-Schibka road about half-way between the two places.

Now, bearing all this in mind, which is not difficult with the assistance of a good map—Barth's Itinerary being especially useful—it is clear that the Russians can hold the forty to forty-four miles of pass and gorge between the comb of the Schibka Pass and Tirnova for an indefinite length of time against far superior forces operating in front. And more than conduct a front attack Suleiman Pasha cannot accomplish. He must take each section one by one. Advancing with forces far superior to those the Russians had thrown across the Balkans, he worked his way to Kezanlik, the Russians falling back as he advanced, as they were open, from their inferiority of numbers, to flank attacks on both sides. At Kezanlik Suleiman Pasha waited until the arrival of reinforcements from Philippopoli, and the advance of his right wing placed him in possession of the southern portion of the Hainkoi Pass, whilst Raouf Pasha (most probably) pushed up towards Bebrovo and joined hands with Mehemet Ali's outposts. This done, Suleiman Pasha ordered the advance from Kezanlik. His troops advanced in detachments along the five roads leading from all sides to Schibka. It would have required far more troops than the Russians disposed of at Schibka to have effectually defended the place; therefore they fell back to the entrance of the first section of their defence—to the fortifications on the comb of the passage. Here they made their stand; and, after seven days' fighting, the Turks have not been able to force the passage. They tried to outflank the Russians by scouring up the hills and through the woods on either side; but the nature of the ground must have precluded all possibility of a combined movement, so that the advance was broken up more or less into a series of isolated engagements. The absence of lateral roads leading to the section of the road between Gabrova and Schibka prevented any flank movement in force. Had he been able to force his way on from Kezanlik *viâ* Janina to Trjavna, and thence by the roads we have mentioned to Gabrova, he might have taken the Russians in the rear. But, from whatever cause, the Turkish attack on this side, the left flank of the Russians, was unsuccessful; whilst the attack on the right flank was repulsed by the timely arrival of General Radezki's men, in the gallant manner so graphically described by Mr. Forbes. Thus the first section of the Russian defences is still intact. But what might have been may still be. After his repulse on August 22 and 23 in front of Selvi, by Prince Mirski, Osman Pasha might still have reinforced and advanced his troops from Lovatz to Selvi, and thence to Gabrova, whilst Mehemet Ali, detaching some of his forces for Raouf Pasha, advanced from the east by the roads we have pointed out upon Drenova. If successful, this movement would have resulted in cutting off the Russian retreat from Gabrova and the Schibka Pass, or in forcing them to fall back upon the fifth section of their defence, leaving nothing but the Demir Kapu gorge between the Turks and Tirnova. It is just possible that the Turkish generals may yet endeavour to execute this movement. But it is very doubtful indeed, for the Russian commanders have not been deceived by Suleiman Pasha's attack at Schibka, and have still got their forces ready to march upon Mehemet Ali's flank, as well as upon Osman Pasha's, if either of them should attempt any lateral attack on the Tirnova-Schibka line. The Russian commanders knew very well that Suleiman Pasha's attack, determined though it was, was carried out in the hopes that the Russians would hurry up their forces to such an extent as to weaken their lines on the Osma and the Lom to a dangerous degree. Had they done so, Osman Pasha and Mehemet Ali might have slipped in *viâ* Tirnova and Drenova, and cut the Russian armies completely in two. But they did not; and thus all hopes of a strategic victory have had to be abandoned by the Turks. They may still elect to try the fortunes of war by sheer fighting face to face, but there is no room left now for outmanœuvring. The bulk of the Russian forces are still holding Mehemet Ali's troops in check, and preventing him from marching down on the roads leading to Tirnova; whilst Generals Zatoff, Skobeleff, and Krüdener are holding Osman Pasha fast. The attempts made by the Turks to penetrate to the Russian line must have been prevented by the Russian forces already in position, and which, on the Osma, seem to have outflanked Osman Pasha in the south, even as they have in the north. The sketch on the preceding page shows the position practically, and shorn of its details. It will be seen how the Russians hold all the lateral roads, whilst forces fronting and flanking Osman Pasha and Mehemet Ali in the north prevent their moving southwards and obtaining possession of these roads—a feat which it is highly improbable Suleiman Pasha will be able to accomplish, even with the aid of Raouf Pasha.

The attack, therefore, on the Schibka Pass, as it has been carried out, could not but fail as a real attack, even as it has failed regarded in the light of a feint to draw the Russians from their positions on the Lom and Osma; whilst, to judge from the reported presence of Hassan Pasha, the Khedive's son, at Eski Djuma, it would appear that the Turkish attack in the Dobrudja on General Zimmerman's corps has also been frustrated, and the irruption across the Lower Danube postponed to the Greek Kalends. Meanwhile, the Roumanians, having

crossed the Danube at Korabbia and Turn Magurelli, greatly increases the danger of Osman Pasha's position at Plevna and Lovatz, without even reckoning the additional help about to be furnished by the Servian contingent, to oppose which there are not sufficient troops at Widdin, nor at Sofia and Nisch. Taking all this into consideration, it is difficult to see what grounds of complaint the Russians can have against their commanders. The Russian people and Russian public opinion—as far as a public opinion exists—clamoured for a war, with the avowed object of freeing the Christians from the Turkish yoke. That means the permanent subjection of the Turks as a ruling power; and that means the subjection of the whole race in Europe. That the whole race would fight for its existence to the bitter end might have been foreseen; and it might also have been foreseen, as we have already pointed out, that an "historical people" could not be vanquished and blotted out as a power within the space of three months. It is very possible that a great many Russians were deceived as to the amount of life still in the Turk; amongst them, no doubt, General Ignatieff. But at the same time it does not appear that this deception led to any strategical errors—least of all to the defeat at Plevna. The *Daily News* correspondent expresses his conviction that the error of the Russians lay, not in the attack on Plevna, but in not continuing it and overwhelming Osman Pasha. That is a matter of opinion that may or may not be justified. If the necessary forces could have been spared to bring up General Krüdener's men to the number of Osman Pasha's, it certainly was an error not to have done so. But, on the other hand, if those reinforcements could not have been spared, it was as certainly wiser on the part of the commander-in-chief to strike terror into the enemy's ranks by a bold offensive movement than to leave the 35,000 or 40,000 men to bear the brunt of an attack by the whole of Osman Pasha's corps, and be forced to weaken his own lines elsewhere, and encourage Mehemet Ali. The Russian commander could be sure that, even if the attack did fail, Osman Pasha would scarcely take the offensive when he would be certain that reinforcements would be despatched to the aid of the repulsed enemy. And, besides this, it still remains an open question as to how far the Russian plans were deranged by the neglect or obstinacy of the Roumanian corps. In any case, we fail to see that there was any error committed at Plevna beyond that of being unsuccessful. As for the Turks, we repeat our opinion that their only chance of success lies—if not too late—in the transference of large reinforcements from Suleiman Pasha's and Mehemet Ali's forces to those under Osman Pasha, and a vigorous advance from west to east. This appears so feasible that it becomes a question whether Mehemet Ali's attack on Ajaslar was not simulated and covered some such movement. Assuming that Mehemet Ali despatched a large number of men from Schumla on August 20 down the Kazan Pass to Slivno and Jamboli—say 40,000 or more—they would have arrived on the 26th or 27th of August at Tatar Bazardjik, whence a three days' march would bring them to Trojan, where they would join hands with Osman Pasha's forces at Lovatz. By this means, by an extensive displacement of troops behind the screen formed by Rustzuk, Rasgrad, and Schumla, Osman Pasha's army could be brought up to 140,000 men, which would probably suffice to force the Russians into the very teeth of the quadrilateral—or across the Danube—unless they have taken the necessary precautions. And the passage of the Danube at Korabbia looks very much as if they were alive to the danger.

GERMANY, ENGLAND, AND EGYPT.

The *Nineteenth Century* publishes an article by Mr. George von Bunsen, under the title "Germany and Egypt," which deserves as much attention as any official despatch that has seen the light for some time. At every stage in the recent Eastern trouble much curiosity has been felt as to the opinion of Bismarck, the strong reserved Hermit of Varzin, who is supposed to hold the destinies of Europe in the hollow of his hand, and whose silence has been watched with a suspicious fear that it covered subtle designs for the aggrandisement of Germany and the discomfiture of her neighbours. Although Mr. von Bunsen expressly declares that he "is absolutely without connection with the Government of the Empire," his intimate relations with the German Court leave little room for doubting that in this article we have neither more nor less than an exposition of German interests as conceived by the great Chancellor and his Imperial master, and that, too, an exposition characterised by a remarkable absence of reserve. In the large-minded reasonableness and sane patriotism of the conception of German interests expounded in this paper, as well as in its frank treatment of other interests, we may be sure that we hear the voice of Bismarck himself, and no more reassuring utterance has been given to a disturbed world since the Eastern Question was reopened. Little misgiving need be felt that Mr. von Bunsen has not given a true statement of what the rulers of the German Empire have done, and of what they desire to do and to see done.

The key to the international attitude of Germany at the present moment is to be found in her desire to prevent the further disturbance of European peace. What may have been her wishes and prayers concerning the Russian invasion of Turkey is now immaterial. Enough to know that now she earnestly deprecates the extension of the war, and is determined to act as moderator of conflicting claims with a view to the preservation of peace. "If iteration could give force to my words," Mr. von Bunsen says, "I would repeat incessantly, 'Germany wants peace.'" She has no thirst for more territory. She has been accused of coveting Denmark, or Bohemia, or Holland; but this Mr. von Bunsen disclaims, and gives the following reasons for his disclaimer. The most suspicious politician must admit that they are something more than specious.

> We have, after centuries of growing disruption, reconstructed our country, and fixed once for all its boundaries. We possess all that a laborious and economical nation can require of varied soil, of mineral wealth, of sea-board, of navigable rivers. Never-ending work is before us to unite in wise laws, in municipal and provincial self-government, in temperate administration, in popular and parliamentary institutions, the various branches and classes of our people. Among the constituted nations of Europe and America a specific calling is ours. It is exclusively European. It may be humbler than that of others, yet it is none the less solemn to us: viz., to preserve to the heart and centre of the continent of Europe a healthful and undisturbed vital action. No campaign, however successful, could add a desirable acre of land to our territory—north or south, east or west. No campaign can be imagined which would not leave us less able to carry out the various purposes of national existence, less alert for the fearless enfranchising of the individual or for the highest labours of science and research, less wealthy and with a lessened chance of permanent tranquillity on our frontiers. Alsace, which will speedily amalgamate with us, and the fragments of Poland and of Lorraine, which will perhaps not amalgamate with us, are more than enough already to task our administrative skill and our patience. Those who credit us with an intention—or shall I say with the "manifest destiny?"—of conquest in the direction of Denmark, or of Bohemia, or of Holland, seem to forget that our political future, whatever its vicissitudes, must be parliamentary, or at least that, if you cannot avoid having a hostile brigade within your Parliament, it should be small. Three sanguinary wars have decimated Germany and swallowed up her hard-earned and abstemiously hoarded floating capital. Let no one speak of the five milliards. What are two hundred million pounds to the diversion of labour—upwards of a million men!—from productive into unproductive channels, or the absolute stoppage of a long sea-board and such ports as Hamburg during three-quarters of a year? The smiles of victory have made us not less military but certainly less warlike than we ever were. We must and we do pray for European peace—and pay for it too, in the silencing of just apprehensions and antipathies that crowd our minds when we look eastward.

Whatever braggadocio may be talked by irresponsible enthusiasts, we may depend upon it that this is a state-

ment which might be honestly countersigned by the men who have the guidance of the German Empire.

Peace being the aim of German statesmen, how do they propose to secure it? In the first place, have they any interests that they consider to be menaced by the present war? In Mr. von Bunsen's opinion they have not any direct interest. Whatever may be the sentimental affection of Germany for the Danube, they have no commercial interest in it. Even the extension of Russian influence to the Bosphorus need cause no uneasiness at Berlin; on the contrary, if Constantinople were the capital of Russia, her "incubus on the Baltic and her Western neighbour would probably be lessened rather than increased." As far as Germany is concerned, Russia may do what she likes with Turkey; as Bismarck said, "the sound bones of one Pomeranian recruit are too much to endanger for the settlement of the Eastern Question." Is Germany, then, absolutely indifferent to the extension of Russia southwards? By no means; for—and here Mr. von Bunsen gives authoritative statement to what has been the general supposition—the German Government prevented Austro-Hungary from interfering with the crossing of Russian troops into Bulgaria, by giving a solemn promise that Germany would "uphold the integrity of the Austro-Hungarian Empire against all comers as a German interest; yea, even a German necessity." Although, therefore, Germany has no direct interest in the proceedings of Russia in the Balkan peninsula, none the less she is pledged to resist any encroachment which may be a menace to Austro-Hungary. This means practically that Russia will not obtain the consent of Germany to any acquisition of territory from European Turkey.

But with regard to two demands which Russia in all probability will make, Germany is in a different position. It is no obligation of ours, Mr. von Bunsen says frankly, to prevent Russia from acquiring Armenia and the free passage of the Dardanelles. In fact, although he declares that the German Government is absolutely unpledged to Russia as regards these demands, he more than hints that the German Government considers them reasonable, and owes too much to Russia to dream of resisting them. Mr. von Bunsen speaks thus frankly on the subject of German obligations to Russia:—

> I am divulging no secret—I am uttering a truism and nothing else—when I say that as long as France revels in her frightful dreams of a war of retaliation and spoliation, Germany has no choice but to keep on terms of friendship and alliance with Russia. No doubt the personal intimacy of the two sovereigns has powerfully furthered that political understanding which is known to exist between the Chanceries. No doubt Germany has a debt to pay to Russia for the forbearance she showed in that great crisis of 1864, 1866, and 1870, which established an immense army, an effective naval power, and parliamentary institutions with universal suffrage—not altogether pleasant neighbours to Russia—along the greater part of her European frontier. No doubt Russia claims with justice a few more substantial services still, in return for her benevolent neutrality, than our support in 1871 when she reclaimed the right of keeping men-of-war on the Euxine. She claims these services now, when seeking to realise her long-adjourned but never-slumbering desires southward. She claimed our potent mediation, and we gave it ungrudgingly, in order to induce Austro-Hungary to connive at, instead of preventing as she might so easily have done, her march into Turkish territory. She will soon claim our assistance in the immediate opening of the Dardanelles to her own men-of-war, and in the lasting emancipation of the Slav, towards whom we have no special reason to feel that natural bent of sympathy which draws us instinctively towards the Greek. She will claim Armenia; and it can be no obligation of *ours* to prevent her from defraying the immense cost of this war by the permanent conquest of an Asiatic province, even though it may place the approaches of one more sea within her easy grasp. As regards these latter demands we are—Prince Bismarck has frequently proclaimed it, and I believe his assertion to be perfectly candid—unfettered as to the degree of concurrence or connivance which we should, in harmony with the other European Powers, give to them.

Treating Mr. von Bunsen's article, as in effect it is, an informal message from Germany to England, the sum of it is this:—"When this war is ended, Russia will demand Armenia and the free passage of the Dardanelles. You consider these things to be English interests. They are not German interests; and if you oppose the Russian demands, we are sorry we cannot join you. But, as we are anxious for the preservation of peace, you may depend upon our cordial support in whatever you may desire as a counter-balance to the acquisition of these advantages by Russia. If you see your way clear to taking Egypt, depend upon it Germany will not seek to hinder you. On the contrary, German policy may have reasons for speeding instead of thwarting you."

As to the expediency of our taking Egypt, Mr. von Bunsen courteously declines to express an opinion, that being purely a question for Englishmen and not for Germans to consider. All that he is concerned as a German to do is to assure us that Germany will offer no objection. At the same time, he ventures, with many deferential protestations, to point out some of the consequences of an English occupation of Eygpt. We must be prepared, he says, in that case, for a reopening of the real Eastern Question. Should England demand Egypt as a set-off to Armenia and the passage of the Dardanelles, several other territorial claims will start from their slumbers. Italy will demand Tunis and perhaps Albania; Greece will demand Thessaly, Epirus, and part of Macedonia; Austro-Hungary will be forced to take Bosnia and the Herzegovina; France will not be content without Syria. The seizure of Egypt means the disintegration of the Ottoman Empire in the most serious sense. Such limbs as Armenia or even the Trans-Balkan provinces might be lopped off without impairing its vitality; but Egypt is the very heart of the Empire. When it is taken away, there is nothing possible but a distribution of the other members among such Powers as care to have them. Whether such a thorough settlement of the Eastern Question is desirable or not, Mr. von Bunsen declines to say; but on the part of Germany, whose sole desire is peace, he rather deprecates it, because he doubts whether it could be effected without a European war. If England wishes it—can see her way to it without war—then England may count upon the support of Germany. But he anxiously asks, in effect, whether England would not be content with less:—

> Is there not a less hazardous line of action open to England—a policy which might prefer to rest satisfied with a fair treaty-right to use, and under certain conditions, amicably settled, to protect the use of the Suez Canal as a route to India, not only for her prodigious trade, but also for her war-ships and soldiers? I need not say that, if German interests would not oppose even an English occupation of Lower Egypt as the price of the concession to Russia of the freedom of the Dardanelles and the annexation of the countries washed by the Upper Euphrates, and the prevention by these means of a European war, it is not likely that the same solution at the lower and safer price would be more unwelcome to the Berlin Cabinet. Whilst I am writing these lines I consider the principle to have been virtually, or perhaps even formally, admitted that England shall be unfettered in the use of the Suez Canal for peace or for war. It is a purely English and not a foreigner's duty to consider whether this less hazardous policy would satisfy British interests as well or better than the bolder scheme propounded by Mr. Dicey.

Such is the German view of the present position of things. We cannot complain that it is deficient in clearness or candour. Whatever conclusion we may form as to our own interests in the matter, it is at least satisfactory to have an end definitely put to all uncertain speculation as to one important factor in the problem—the attitude of Germany. We may consider that we now know for certain in what direction, if not precisely, how far we may reckon upon the support of Germany.

THE INDIAN FAMINE.

We were the first to point out that a calamity, greater than any that has occurred since the Mutiny of 1857, was now threatening our Indian Empire. We regret to say that our worst apprehensions have been confirmed. Famine prospects are worse than they have ever been.

The *Times* correspondent at Calcutta telegraphs that the weather and crop reports continue gloomy. Government had hoped that, with a favourable burst of the monsoon, the people would leave the relief works for their fields, and that the Famine of 1876 would be a part and parcel of the terrible past. A continued want of rain, however, has quite changed the situation. The Calcutta correspondent says that the Madras Famine must last till January, and a failure of the October rains may prolong it till next August. A telegram from Sir Richard Temple, the Governor of Bombay, informs us that the monsoon is still irregular in that Presidency, and distress is considerable. To fill up the cup of misery, the harvest in the North-West Provinces, Oudh, and the Punjab, is in considerable danger. Whether this new calamity will take the Government of India unawares, one can hardly say. The Governor-General in Council may have staked everything on the chance of a favourable monsoon, or he may have devised safeguards which should mitigate, if they could not altogether prevent, the consequences of a short rainfall. We fear that the former course of action was chosen by, or forced on, the Government; for in Madras, at any rate, the Executive have shown that they could hardly cope with the ills they have, and it is not probable that they have prepared for a heavier burden. The prospects in Southern India are simply terrible. Officers in the stricken districts write that famine is tightening its grip on the land, and that there will be a hard, and in too many cases a vain, struggle with death. A well-informed correspondent writes in the *Times*:—"Twenty-three people in all died of starvation in Bengal in 1874; in Madras no camp of 3,000 rises morning after morning without leaving thirty corpses. In the interior the distress is most fearful." The editor of the *Madras Times* estimates that the Famine has already caused, directly or indirectly, the deaths of half-a-million natives, and he calculates that five millions of human beings will perish within the next few months. The English people declared in 1874, with a loud and unanimous voice, that the natives must not be allowed to perish for lack of food; and if millions of our fellow-subjects die of hunger in Madras the English people will forget the Bulgarian atrocities, and sternly demand of Lord Lytton and the Duke of Buckingham an account of their stewardship. It does not reflect much credit on our rule in India that the Government should be so powerless to withstand the Famine. It is not of yesterday; it has long been in progress. The Supreme Government were at first too unconcerned and afterwards too dogmatic; the action of the Local Government was hampered by the inexperience of its chief; and, thirdly, under the uneasiness generated by the needful stringency of Sir Richard Temple's recommendations there arose a wordy war of principles, and the more pressing dangers of the Famine were too often lost sight of. Hard measure has been dealt to the present Governor of Bombay. He has been accused of wasting lakhs of rupees in the Bengal Famine. But people forget that it was Sir George Campbell and the sentimental correspondent of the *Times* who roused the mind of the British public on the subject of the Famine of 1874. If there was any extravagant expenditure, it was due to the flood of nonsense that poured forth from the Press, Pulpit, and Platform. There are now signs of an undiscriminating outcry being raised against the strict economy imposed on the Madras authorities by the Government of India. The question of the sufficiency of the rate of wages is, after all, one of fact, and can only be solved by examining facts, and not by *à priori* calculations. The great Famine problem is, how to preserve life without pauperising the people and wasting the money of the State. Sir Richard Temple and the Bombay authorities have successfully solved this difficult problem. The Madras Government have failed to do so. They naturally resented the appointment of Sir Richard Temple as Famine Commissioner, and their resentment took the curious but unfortunate form of a raid against economy and the Supreme Government. The result has been disastrous. Sir Richard Temple's stringent but necessary recommendations would have answered in Madras as they did in Bombay if they had been loyally and carefully carried out. The system of village relief and village organisation was better in Bombay than in Madras. Great care was taken in the Bombay Presidency to provide for particular cases, so that the general arrangements devised in the interests of the public, and having for their object the prevention of the abuse of State charity, might not press harder on the suffering people than could be borne.

There is, however, but little use in dwelling on the failures of the past. The question is, what is to be done to save the people from dying of hunger in Southern India. Before now in India the executive officers of the Government, by their pluck and skilfulness, have averted to a great extent the consequences of the blunders of their superiors. This we trust will be the case in Madras. Lord Lytton has gone down to the affected districts. It would have been better if he had visited them last January instead of attending the gewgaw pageant at Delhi. The Viceroy's sympathy for starving ryots would have done more to strengthen our Empire than trumpeters clad in mediæval dress. The Calcutta correspondent of the *Times* reported on Monday that "the Supreme Government did not wish any appeal to be made to private charity at present. It was itself determined to avert death by famine so far as the resources of the whole Empire would enable it to do so. The importation of grain would be left to private trade, but the Government would reinforce the railways and arrange for constructing tramways where cart-power fails. It would give substance and relief, wages graduated according to the prevailing prices, and it hoped to construct great and permanent works by means of relief labour. It would bring grain locally, and give gratuitous support in various forms to the helpless poor; but it deprecated appeals to private charity as having a tendency to interfere with public organisation, and to increase public panic." The question arises, does the past administrative work of the present Government of India justify us in having confidence that they will avert death by famine? We fear that all the resources —and they are but slender—of the Empire will not be able to cope with the present calamity. It is rash to check the stream of private charity. The pressure has reached the famine point—the point at which thousands die of hunger. Let the Viceroy and his Governors do their utmost, and yet there will be ample scope for private relief. This is known not from theory, but grim experience. Above all things, it must be remembered that all substantial public works are the relief of the more or less able-bodied, but that the weak and the aged must either die or be saved by charity. Experience proves that the voluntary local charity of rural districts is insufficient to meet heavy calls on it. It is the duty of all Englishmen to contribute their share to rescue thousands of their fellow subjects, and we need hardly add that now not a moment is to be lost.

SPANISH MARRIAGES.

With the exception of Greece there is no modern State in Europe which seems to be regarded with such utter indifference as Spain. There is a degree more interest taken in Spain than in Greece, as there is still some hope for the holders of Spanish stock; but otherwise if both the States—as States—were to be swept out of existence to-night, the news would be received with utter indifference by nine-tenths of the public and with a sense of relief by the remaining tenth. Were it, therefore, not for the sake of the people with their many excellent qualities, and for the sake of olden times, as well as, in a certain degree, for the sake of the youthful King, it would be waste of time, paper, and ink to devote any attention to the wretched Government of the Iberian peninsula, whose only merit is that it is slowly but surely digging its own grave. Fagged, weary, and disheartened, King Alfonso returned on the 13th inst. to Madrid amidst salvoes of artillery, and drove

from the railway station to the palace through an avenue of soldiers crying "Viva el Rey!" at the word of command. The balconies of the houses bordering the square opposite the palace—generally devoted to the drying of the family linen—were thronged with ladies, the mothers enamelled and painted into meretricious youth by their *femmes de chambre*, or special "artists," and the daughters painted by their mothers with a jealous hand according to their natural attractions. The *Madrileño*, the male beauty of Madrid, appeared in all their glory of an abundant show of spotless linen, and hats and boots ironed and polished to an extra degree of lustre—for the true Madrid exquisite has his beaver "done up" every morning as regularly as he has his boots polished *lustro* or *brillante*, dull black, or shining. The King, however, did not seem to be in the humour to evince his appreciation of the united work of the Madrid laundresses, shoeblacks, and Madame Rachels, and left the next day for La Granja to rejoin the Princess of Asturias, and snatch, if possible, a few days of repose before the Montpensiers arrive with their daughter, Princess Mercedes, for it is certain that they will not long leave Alfonso to combat alone the intrigues that are being carried on against the projected marriage. Besides Queen Isabella and the old nobility, the clergy, too, are now ranging themselves against this marriage. Doubtless the faithful daughter of the Church, the only worthy recipient of the Vatican Rose, has carried her point at Rome, and fiat "officiously" gone forth that the marriage is not to be. The Bishop of Lugo evinced his displeasure in a way that does not fall short of what the proudest ecclesiastics allowed themselves to do in the days of their greatest power. Although the Cardinal of Toledo and the Nuncio had cautioned him not to quit the town, the Bishop defied their authority, and went on a journey a day or two before the Court and King Alfonso arrived at Lugo. Thereupon the Minister of Justice issued a decree, calling upon the refractory prelate to return at once, wherever he might be. The Bishop obeyed the order, but refused to receive the King, or to be present at the *Te Deum*. Calderon Collantes was furious at this open insult; and when, during the service, even the prayer *Pro rege* was left out, he expressed his opinion so loudly and freely about people who live on the State but do not fulfil their duties, that one of the canons hastened to implore the Bishop to relent. But the Bishop refused. Meanwhile the King lost his patience, and sent a messenger himself to the Bishop, who at last yielded and paid his visit. The audience was strictly private, the King and the Bishop being quite alone; but it seems pretty clear that one of the two passed a *mauvais quart d'heure*, both monarch and priest appearing very much excited after the interview was over. However, the following day the prayer *Pro rege* was read, but whether in consequence of the royal command, or the royal submission, is as yet scarcely known. Probably, in this case, the King insisted, and the prelate yielded. But if the Bishop gave way, it was certainly less from fear of the King than of his own superiors, for perhaps at no period of its history has the Church in Spain practically enjoyed greater power than at present. Arrests are continual. The other day (on the 14th) six "conspirators" were arrested in Madrid —one of them a liberal priest, and a correspondent of the *Iberia*. In Carthagena, in Cadiz, and Barcelona arrests are also frequent, but are scarcely noticed, so great is the fear of the clergy.

The fact, therefore, of at least some portion of the clergy having pronounced against the Montpensier alliance augurs ill for its successful accomplishment. It must be remembered that the Spanish clergy are politically as divided as the rest of the community. There is the Alfonsist clergy, frequently stigmatised as a bastard Franco-Spanish monstrosity, and there is the true old Spanish clergy, supporting the principles of Don Carlos, whilst the Basque and Navarese clergy is almost republican in its independence. Between the two first there is a continual rivalry and a continual friction going on; and so great is the antipathy of the Spaniard to foreign influence on the throne that the Carlist clergy are rapidly gaining the upper hand, and, what is still more strange, are supported by the Queen and Princess of Asturias. Thus Madrid was recently thrown into great excitement by the violently Carlist sermon of one of its priests. Canovas de Castilla sent for him, and asked him if he did not think the air of the Philippines would not agree with him better than that of Madrid. The priest replied that if His Excellency ordered it, he would perforce have to undertake the journey. The same evening Canovas was called to the Princess of Asturias, who said to him:—"I hear that you intend sending Father So-and-so to the Philippines? But I intend him for a living in Seville." Canovas simply replied with a bow that if that was Her Royal Highness's intention, of course he had nothing more to say on the subject. This incident sinks, however, into insignificance by the side of the fact that Manterola, the notorious chaplain of Don Carlos, has been granted the living of San Andrea, one of the chief churches in Madrid, and which is generally reserved for priests of high station and merit. Perhaps there is no individual in Spain more hated by the Basques and the Liberals than is Manterola. "Bandit!" is the intense and laconic expression of opinion called forth by the mere mention of his name in the north of Spain. It was Manterola who prevented Don Carlos from fulfilling his promise to Cabrera of granting a Liberal Constitution to Spain. When Don Carlos remonstrated, and said that he had signed the Constitution, Manterola replied, "Pen and ink cannot bind a king towards one of his subjects!" and at the famous Geneva meeting gave Don Carlos the option of choosing between the Church and Cabrera. The result is well known.

The animosity entertained by Queen Isabella against the Montpensiers has never been explained, but considering the many romantic passages in her life it would be a fruitless speculation to attempt to explain it by any particular incident. At the same time Isabella's "españolismo" has never been questioned, and is sufficient to account for her present policy though it may be intensified by private motives. The importance of this policy lies in the degree of alliance between her and the Carlists; whether it is simply a temporary alliance to combat the Montpensier marriage, or whether it is but the commencement of a war against the present government of King Alfonso, or finally whether it is the result of a determination to establish the absolute supremacy of the Church. All three solutions are possible. That a mother should plot against her own son is a possibility that very much depends upon the feeling of the mother towards the father of her child, and it is not forgotten that when Queen Isabella was still refused entrance into the dominions of her son, and Don Carlos offered her protection and placed a palace near St. Sebastian at her disposal, she exclaimed, "Carlos' sense of politeness exceeds my son's sense of duty!" But be this as it may, it is now feared in Spain that the Montpensier affair may result soon in an open rupture, and the open ranging of one party against the other. The question, therefore, which now intensely agitates the Spanish Liberals is as to what line of policy King Alfonso will adopt. Will he rally Liberal Spain round his banner, or will he try to outbid the ultra-clerical party marshalled against him by Manterola and Queen Isabella. Should he choose the first alternative, the struggle would soon commence. If the latter, he might still delay it for a time. It is significant that there are rumours of Martinez Campos being about to be recalled from Cuba. He is devoted to Queen Isabella, and his reappearance in Spain before the Cuban insurrection is put down could only be interpreted in one way. Certain it is that matters are attaining a crisis which promises to be sharp and—long. And when it is known that one high official spends his time in his cabinet in the concoction of love letters to a foreign lady under age, and in copying out *manu propriâ* the translation he has made of his effusions, sometimes using as many as a dozen sheets of gold-edged paper,

manufactured expressly for the purpose; when it is notorious that the *escribentes*—or public writers—are reaping an endless harvest by the correspondence they carry on for the host of intriguers; and when colonels and captains of the Spanish army solicit alms in the public *cafés*, it must be acknowledged that the crisis cannot come too soon. The part that Don Carlos will play in the coming struggle has been foreshadowed by himself. Whilst he was fighting against the Republic, he said one day to Dorregaray in Durango, "My cousin is playing the jackal, and he will succeed. But that is a game that can only be played once. My turn will come too. When he has to face the revolution I shall play the trump he is now holding in his hand." And unless King Alfonso makes up his mind to throw himself into the arms of the Liberals, Don Carlos will probably have been a true prophet.

THE SPEECHES OF THE PARTY LEADERS.

The speeches delivered by the Chancellor of the Exchequer at Plymouth and Earl Granville at Bradford illustrate the difficulty even for party leaders of saying anything new. There are only two of our party leaders who are great oratorical artists, and who may be trusted to give an unexpected turn to the most familiar commonplace on the most ordinary occasion. Neither Mr. Bright nor Lord Beaconsfield ever makes a speech that does not contain some surprise of language, if not of opinion or fact. Other speakers, less restlessly on the oratorical alert, content themselves with making ordinary speeches on ordinary occasions. Sir Stafford Northcote's "little talk" at the Plymouth tea-party of Conservative associations was of so very humble a character that one is surprised that it should have escaped the stern condemnation of those critics whose indignation was so fiercely roused against Mr. Gladstone for the familiarity of his speeches to the excursionists in Hawarden Park. Why has the Chancellor of the Exchequer escaped rebuke for degrading not merely the House of Commons but the Cabinet by stooping to court popularity by such unworthy arts? There is not a single particular into which Mr. Gladstone's offence can be analysed that was not repeated by Sir Stafford Northcote. It is true that the speech was delivered in the Plymouth Drill Hall and not in the open air, but this was an accident, due to the weather, and Sir Stafford was at pains to make it clear that the open air had no terrors for his sense of propriety. "I am always very glad," he said, "when an opportunity arises of meeting associations of this kind in our parks and gardens, as we frequently do." So far is the Conservative leader from deploring the practice of meeting associations of his party in the open air as a shameful condescension which Mr. Gladstone had introduced into political tactics in his unscrupulous craving for popularity, that he boasts of it as a well-known habit of himself and his friends. It may be that, in the race for popularity, Sir Stafford Northcote is determined not to be behindhand with his rivals, but he showed not the slightest sign that he was conscious of having compromised his dignity by a familiar meeting with a company of humble excursionists, even though he had gone to them instead of their coming to him.

The Leader of the House of Commons was careful to imitate Mr. Gladstone very closely in the substance as well as the occasion of his speech. It cannot be said that he endeavoured to atone for the condescension of his presence by the loftiness of his remarks. Mr. Gladstone moralised about a walking-stick. Sir Stafford Northcote showed equal promptitude in extracting a party moral from the weather. "I confess that to-day I am glad you have chosen a place under cover. You know your own climate better than we in Exeter do. We meet in the open parks. We think we are a little dryer than you are. But we know that you about Plymouth and Devonport do not care much about the weather—you are not fair-weather friends, but friends in foul and fair weather, and we know we can rely upon you." The intellectual giants who were so outraged by Mr. Gladstone's ready moral from the walking-stick seem to consider this up to their severe standard. It was far from being the only instance of *ad captandum* homeliness in Sir Stafford Northcote's speech. If those whose care for the maintenance of the standard of intellectual dignity in leaders of the House of Commons amounts to a passion are willing to concede the weather as a fair subject for ingratiating pleasantries, how can they read without a sense of burning humiliation the following extract from the *Times* report: "I daresay you have all read of one night when we sat up till seven o'clock in the morning (laughter), and another night when we sat up till six o'clock on the following afternoon (laughter). We then sat twenty-six hours on the stretch (laughter), and though some of us retired to lie down, or even went home to get a wash and a breakfast, yet we kept up the ball (laughter), and I believe we could have kept up the fight for several nights in succession if it had been necessary (cheers.)" The austere dignity which is one of the bulwarks of the legislative body against popular disrespect is irrecoverably gone when a member of the Ministry, the very leader of the House, permits himself to excite the smiles of a rabble of uneducated excursionists by talking of "getting a wash and a breakfast." If anything could increase the disgusting familiarity of such an exhibition, it would be the gravity of the Parliamentary incident of which Sir Stafford spoke with such unbecoming jauntiness. A stranger to the manifold incongruities of English politics would have been shocked to find that the facts with which Sir Stafford Northcote so tickled the ears of his humble audience constituted a new development of Parliamentary warfare, which threatened not merely the practicability of Parliamentary institutions, but the very integrity of the British Empire. And this familiar statement of the facts was not the prelude to a grave view of the proper remedy. Mr. Gladstone was rebuked because, alluding to the extension of the franchise in counties on a similar occasion, he merely repeated commonplaces, and did not attempt to grapple with the arguments of Mr. Goschen. What then shall be said of Sir Stafford Northcote for the light and airy manner in which he passed over the Irish obstruction? He was apparently insensible to the gravity of the danger. He failed ignominiously in his attempts to deal with it last Session, and now, instead of reassuring the country by propounding some plan which the quiet of the recess had enabled him to mature, he jauntily dismisses the subject with the smiling remark that there is nothing to fear, and insults the nation by making an assemblage of Devonshire excursionists laugh over his difficulties in "getting a wash and a breakfast." As the *Pall Mall Gazette* said of Mr. Gladstone, but has not yet said of Sir Stafford Northcote, "much may be forgiven to an ambitious politician determined to maintain his power; but it is too severe a demand upon his followers' indulgence that he should court popular favour by a resort to such degenerate acts as these."

Lord Granville's address at Bradford, on the opening of a new Liberal Club there, was delivered upon a more recognised political occasion for a great speech than Sir Stafford Northcote's discourse to the tea-party at Plymouth, and yet it contained very little that was new or striking. It afforded another confirmation that the Old Whig section of the Liberal party have made up their minds to set seriously about procuring the extension of the county franchise, but that fact was made so apparent by the last division on the subject in the House of Commons that Lord Granville's repetition of the fact comes as a matter of course. It was not so entirely a matter of course that he should deprecate the association of the question of a redistribution of seats with that of the extension of the franchise. There are members of the Liberal party who hold very strongly that the equalisation of the borough and county franchises would be a doubtful benefit without a rearrangement of the constituencies. Mr. Trevelyan's annual motion used to embrace both measures, and it would be certainly a striking revelation if it appeared that the

moderate Liberals had persuaded him to abandon the conjunction of the two because they shrank from undertaking the excessively complicated problem of a new electoral distribution. But nothing that Lord Granville said pointed to any such backwardness. His objection merely is to the association of the two measures. He admits that any extension of the franchise would increase the anomalies of the present distribution, and that a redistribution, if not made at the time, would immediately follow. Only he does not think it either wise or necessary that the Liberal party should commit themselves to the doctrine that both these measures must be passed in one Bill or even in one Session. The taking of them separately is with Lord Granville apparently only a matter of tactics; and when one remembers the persistency with which the Conservative opposition obstructed the passage of two such comparatively simple measures as the Army Regulation Bill and the Ballot Bill in one Session, it would evidently be only common prudence for the Liberals not to excite the expectation that they could carry through in one Session two Bills which would offer so many facilities for obstructive motions.

In that portion of his speech which dealt with the question of the East, Lord Granville took an opportunity of making yet another attempt to remove a misconception against which he has often waged war before, though it is too firmly fixed in the public mind, and kept there too assiduously by the Conservative Press to be very easily if ever uprooted. Chivalrous frankness in withdrawing what has been proved to be a misstatement is not a prominent feature in English journalism. A misstatement once made, if the public shows any readiness to believe it, instead of being withdrawn, is deliberately repeated again and again without any reference to the contradiction. It has long been a commonplace with Conservative journalists that after the Franco-German War Russia deliberately tore up that provision in the treaty of 1856 which related to her maritime rights in the Black Sea, and threw it in the face of her co-signataries. This allegation, so effective for the purposes of those whose interest it is to uphold that the late Liberal Administration had no regard for British honour, reposes upon the fact that the Black Sea was made available for Russian ships of war after 1871. But none the less it is untrue, and not merely formally and technically untrue, but mendacious in so far as it attributes to any British Administration a carelessness as to British honour or British interests. Russia was not allowed to tear up the treaty of 1856. It was torn up, so far as the Black Sea provision was concerned, by the unanimous consent of the European Powers. Lord Granville once more gave the true version of the affair, introducing it by an uncomplimentary reference to the diplomatic traditions of Russia. In 1871 the Russian Government issued a declaration relieving themselves from the obligations of the Treaty of Paris in so far as it limited their naval rights upon the Black Sea. Now how was this declaration received by Mr. Gladstone's Administration? If we are to believe the Conservative Press, they at once supinely yielded, and allowed the declaration to pass, with or without protest. But the truth is that Lord Granville protested with a promptitude and firmness utterly wanting in the management of affairs by our present Foreign Secretary. He protested with such decision that Russia recalled her declaration with very little delay. But Russia is now at liberty to keep a fleet of war ships on the Black Sea? She is no longer subject to the disability imposed by the Treaty of Paris? Quite true. But she was obliged to renounce all pretensions to effect this deliverance for herself. The English Government could not insist upon the continuance of a disability which all the other Powers concurred in thinking to be unjust. They could only insist that the disability should be removed, not by the declaration of Russia, but removed, if removed at all, by the consent of Europe in conference assembled. The first act of the Black Sea Conference when it met was to agree upon a Protocol of a more substantial character than Lord Derby's famous efforts of last May, to the effect that no Power should have the right to release itself from the obligations of an international treaty without the permission of the other signataries of the document. Mr. Gladstone's Administration showed no want of spirit in the matter. But for their energetic remonstrances and decided attitude, Russia would have really been permitted to do what it is so often asserted she did—tear up the Treaty of Paris, and throw it in the face of Europe.

MR. FORSTER AND HIS CONSTITUENTS.

Mr. Forster has not, of late years, seemed to be very fond of addressing his constituents. Many members of Parliament consider it to be part of their duties to meet those who have sent them to Westminster at least once in every year, to explain the means they have taken to do credit to the trust which has been placed in them; and to give an opportuniiy for a vote of confidence or the reverse. The senior member for Bradford has not taken this course. He has indeed spoken at Bradford on several occasions since he was last elected for that important borough. But he has always taken care—or at any rate it has so happened—that each of these occasions has been one when there was no question of a vote of confidence. His speeches have related to some special subject, such as the Slave Circulars or the Eastern Question; they have not been in any sense a rendering of an account of his stewardship; nor have they given an opportunity for expression of opinion as to his general merits. This condition of his appearance before the Bradford public has been well understood; and without it, it is probable that several of those who came to support him, for a special purpose, on the platform, would have stayed away. The reason for this exceptional conduct is easily understood. Mr. Forster, though a Liberal and a member for Bradford, is not the Liberal member of Bradford. That is to say, he does not represent the suffrages of the majority of Bradford Liberals. He severed himself from the more Radical section of the party long since; and, had none but Liberals voted for him in 1874, he would now, no doubt, be representing some other constituency. It is very natural that many should resent the position of a man who stands there in defiance of the wishes and votes of the larger section of his own party. Nor has Mr. Forster's conduct during the existence of the present Parliament been calculated to remove old grievances. On many occasions he has shown the ability for which all give him credit. But on the particular points to which the thoughts of the more earnest Liberals are especially directed he has given little, if any, sign of progress. His share in the debates on Lord Sandon's Bill staggered not a few of those who had up to that time supported him, and compelled them to think that he was determined not to advance on those ecclesiastical and educational questions, by his handling of which he has caused such a split in the Liberal party. It is true that some of the old grounds of division have passed away, and some there are who think that Mr. Forster will take a new point of departure, and reconcile himself to those who are now opposed to him. But it clearly rests with him to take the first step; and so long as that step is not taken, those who care more for principles than for men must needs take their stand against a politician who is a Liberal statesman in defiance of Liberals, and who, so far, shows no sign of adhesion to the creed of the advanced party. The Radicals are very strong and very determined in Bradford, and therefore Mr. Forster could not make anything like a general statement of his policy in that town without encountering a large amount of opposition.

The opening of the Liberal Club at Bradford, on Tuesday last, was far too important an event to be ignored by the senior member. It was, moreover, comparatively safe for him to be present, and to speak on that occasion. Liberals would be in the best of humours; the most awkward questions are not to the front just now;

and matters on which most Liberals are agreed might be chiefly dealt with. So Mr. Forster came; and most people imagined that he would confine his observations to the Eastern Question, and the extension of franchise in counties, on which points he would be sure to carry his audience with him. But towards the close of his speech an incident occurred which illustrates in a rather striking manner the relations between Mr. Forster and his constituents. One of his hearers seemed to be determined that he should speak on the question which is generally supposed to divide him most clearly from the Radicals, for a voice threw down as a challenge before him the word "Disestablishment." Mr. Forster's answer was characteristic. "Yes," he said, "I am coming to that, but if you please I will take my time in coming to it." The audience laughed, for it was evident that two constructions might be put upon these words. Did Mr. Forster mean only that he was coming to the subject of disestablishment in the course of his speech? Or was there a further meaning, implied, but meant to be at least half understood? Some people have thought for a long time past that Mr. Forster "is coming to" Disestablishment, that he is only "taking his time," and that he will accept it, either as a necessity or as in itself a desirable thing, when his time has come. When, however, Mr. Forster did come, in his speech, to Disestablishment, he left it still uncertain whether he had come to that idea in any other sense, although his words might be read so as to fit in with the views of those who are sanguine as to his future. Mr. Forster said that he was not convinced that Disestablishment would be a good thing, but he managed, whether intentionally or not, to leave the impression that he was open to conviction. He spoke of the necessity of extending the franchise to those rural people who at present have it not. Then he would consult them on the State Church question; and then—well, then, if their answer were distinctly in favour of the change, are we to understand that Mr. Forster would yield to the dwellers in counties that which he denies to the people in towns? If Mr. Forster is waiting until the great mass of the people speak out, if he cannot be convinced until the unquestionable majority of the people have been first convinced, we must say that his policy is rather politic than statesmanlike. A great statesman should be a leader of opinion, one who is in advance of his time, and educates his followers up to the mark which he has long since attained; not one who creeps after the decision of the majority. The voice in the St. George's Hall at Bradford probably did not want to know what accession of strength to Radical opinion would induce Mr. Forster to vote for Disestablishment, but what his personal opinion on that subject may be now. If he really thinks that Disestablishment is a bad thing, we do not see how an expression of the views of enfranchised agriculturalists can change it, in his opinion, into a good one. On the other hand, if Mr. Forster believes that the Church ought to be separated from the State, and that it is only necessary to wait until the people of the country have been educated up to the requisite point, it is a great pity he did not frankly say so. The ringing cheers which would have greeted the announcement would have shown him what popularity in Bradford is within his grasp, if he would only seize it.

But Mr. Forster cannot, it seems, take the direct road. He hesitates until another has gone into the pool before him. It is only fair to the Radicals of Bradford that Mr. Forster's peculiarities and his relations to his constituents should be generally understood. Lord Granville took occasion to express his pleasure at the cheers which greeted Mr. Forster, and to intimate that it was only the Irish Home Rulers who wished Mr. Forster to be no longer member for Bradford. As an artifice of oratory this was ingenious; as a fact it was wide of the mark. Those who most strongly oppose Mr. Forster would be the most warm in their reception of him, if he would only lay aside his reserve and hesitation, and speak out boldly, frankly, and sufficiently as to the future. But if Mr. Forster is honestly convinced that the State Church is a valuable institution, and that more or less clerical control is desirable in education, then those who are honestly convinced of the contrary cannot support him. If he does not believe these things, but waits until it is perfectly safe before he will say what he does believe, he acts with a reserve which may be justifiable in the official leader of a party, but is not much entitled to respect in an ordinary representative.

THE METROPOLITAN WATER-SUPPLY.

There is a feeling amounting to a certainty, that the question of the supply of water for the metropolis must be dealt with at the commencement of the next Session, and the public discussion of it will be salutary, provided it be with due reference to the facts and evidence lately collected. Of these collections the most recent was that of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, on the protection of the metropolis from fire, under the very fair and able chairmanship of Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson. This Committee took the evidence of the chief officers of the Metropolitan Board of Works, including the evidence of Sir Joseph Bazalgette and Mr. Bramwell, and their plans, and the counter evidence of the engineers of the water companies. Their report contains also the examination of the officers of the Manchester works, of the fire police force, the fire insurance companies, and other bodies. Besides that, there has been much evidence taken on the subject by a select committee of the Society of Arts; and, prior to all, there is the report of the evidence taken by the First General Board of Health, which has long been regarded as a text-book of engineering as applied to sanitation.

Now it was a conclusion of the select committee of the Society of Arts, which seems to commend itself to common sense, that first and foremost, before any question of new sources of supply is dealt with, a change should be made in the entire system of internal distribution, from the intermittent system of stagnant detention in cisterns, which makes good supplies bad, and bad supplies worse. Not only is the intermittent system prejudicial to the quality of the water, but half the water thus distributed is wasted. Judging from the examples of the reductions effected in other towns by the introduction of the constant supply system, the present waste might be reduced by one-half. But then comes the question of how to effect the change. It would undoubtedly involve an expense of eleven shillings per house, as at Manchester. But the Society of Arts proposed a plan which would cover a considerable portion of the expense, namely, that the special governmental duties in respect to the metropolis should be extended, that the monopolies of the trading companies should be resumed, and the entire supplies placed upon a public footing, as in Manchester, Liverpool, and other provincial cities. By the consolidation it is calculated that on the expenses of administration a saving might be accomplished of no less a sum than 1,000,000*l*., sufficient, if capitalised, to defray the expenses of the chief new works required, putting the house services in a condition to receive the constant supply, and hydranting the streets for protection against fires and for street washing. This could be done, it is estimated, with due compensation to the shareholders of the companies. The Society of Arts put forward the proposal, and evidence was given in its favour by Mr. Quick, Mr. Rawlinson, and others. It has reference solely to the consolidation and better management of our present water-supplies, and most people will agree that something should be done in this direction before we go in search of new sources, as has been proposed by Mr. Bramwell.

The expediency of operating upon our present supplies, before having recourse to any such duplicate system as has been proposed, is recommended by other considerations than simple economy. The supply obtained by Mr. Bramwell's scheme would be very small—something like two gallons a-day for each household. For every purpose except cooking and drinking we should still have to use the water supplied by the companies. Mr.

Bramwell seems to think that our present supplies are unobjectionable for the purpose, for example, of personal ablution. Now custom, no doubt, counts for a great deal in such matters. We who are accustomed to London water have ceased to complain, but those who have been accustomed to the soft-water supplies of Manchester, or Glasgow, and supplies derived from granitic surfaces, are conscious of a disagreeable contrast when they have to perform their ablutions in the hard water distributed to the metropolis. So marked is the contrast that a hotel-keeper in Blackfriars, in view of the repugnance of his provincial and foreign customers to the water distributed by the London company, found it worth while to incur a large expense—some six hundred pounds—in sinking a deep well so as to be independent of it. He was fortunate enough to strike upon a source of very soft water, which was agreeable for ablution and for baths. We know that to overcome the inferior quality of hard water for cleansing it is found to be necessary in children's and other public institutions to use water as much softened as may be by boiling, and to give ablutions in tepid water. Now there is no reason why Londoners should not wash in as soft water as the populations of other towns, except that they are in the hands of monopolists who have no motive for exerting themselves to apply the requisite means for softening their supplies.

And it is not merely that we have to put up with water imperfectly adapted to purposes of personal ablution. Hard water is not only less agreeable to wash with and to bathe in; it is also much less effectual for the washing of clothes. Hard water requires more soap and more rubbing. For the poorer classes the use of soft water is an appreciable economy, not merely in the article of soap, but also in the wear and tear of clothes. When Professor Clark gave evidence before the first General Board of Health, he mentioned an instance of a public institution in which the expenditure of soap for washing had been reduced by two-fifths by a change from a hard to a soft water. Do those people who profess satisfaction with the existing supply for other than potable and culinary purposes have any idea of the sum total of our washing bills? At the time of the inquiry by the Board of Health, it was made out that the washing bill of the metropolis could not be less than five millions per annum, and it must be much greater now. Soft and pure water is also economical for dying, for manufacturing purposes, for the prevention of incrustations in the boilers of steam engines, and in many other ways that might be named. Thirty years ago the Board of Health were urgent to improve the quality of the water-supply, and they decided that the entire bulk of it ought to be improved if water was really to be made to yield its maximum of utility and comfort. The notion of a duplicate system of supply was discussed and dismissed. It was then estimated that the river supply might be replaced, in bulk, at an estimated expense of, in round numbers, a million and a-half. It might be taken that, at the present time, double that sum would be required to replace the existing supply, in bulk actually consumed or needed for consumption. The estimated cost of a system of duplicate supply, with the duplicate system of pipes, is five millions and a-half; and the amount of water introduced would be only one-sixteenth of the actual quantity at present pumped into the metropolis, or of one-eighth the actual consumption after a reduction of the waste.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

The natural remark on such a subject as this, is that all speculation thereon is mere idleness and folly, and that, as nothing certain can possibly be known about it, it is better not to waste time in theorising without any reasons on which to build a theory. This, however, like a good many such offhand settlements of hard questions, is not quite as correct as it is plausible. One of the latest achievements of scientific reasoning has been to calculate from observed facts the possible—if not the probable—age of the earth. Why should not a similar line of argument be able even to throw some light on its future career, its final end? It can, indeed, never be possible for any of us to foretell the manner of the earth's death, any more than it is possible to prophesy what a man's end shall be; yet, knowing the manner of a man's life, and the risks he runs, we can guess, with more or less certitude, what may be the ending of him, and so, knowing more of the life-history of this world of ours, and of the other worlds among which it moves, can we not at least form more accurate notions of what its dangers are, and what end it is probable that it will meet?

If till of late science has touched but seldom on so tempting a subject, it is because till of late we have had scarcely any observed facts on which to base conclusions, and those who deal merely with facts, and hypotheses derived from facts, have been at a disadvantage as compared with that more numerous class of teachers who rely rather on the faith than the capacity of their hearers. No religion could of course be complete which did not describe the destruction as well as the creation of the world. The *Dies iræ* has been pictured in many shapes. Poets have spent their imaginations on it, visionaries have dreamed dreams about it, soothsayers—ancient and modern—have even foretold the date and the manner of its coming. All this, however, has been poetic, not scientific; and such solutions of the great question must be left, as in all cases where religion and physics meet, to accommodate themselves to the facts which science gradually brings into the light.

Yet the wisest thinkers have in their turn been attracted by the deep mystery of the subject, though they have in general but touched upon it, and then turned hopelessly away. Lucretius could see that the world was not immortal:—

> Haut igitur leti præclusa est ianua caelo
> Nec soli terraeque neque altis aequoris undis
> Sed patet immani et vasto respectat hiatu.

Yet even that shrewd intellect, whose intuitive perceptions are only now being verified by observation, even Lucretius fails here. He passes on into some idle fable of a long contest between fire and water, in which one at last should conquer, and in its victory either consume or overwhelm the earth. What wonder, then, if other thinkers less subtle-minded than the greatest follower of Epicurus could but fall back on a supernatural solution of the problem, calling in the Creator of the Universe to destroy his work when it so pleased him, or at best could only vacillate between prognostications of an imaginary cataclysm, and assumptions of a gradual decay, whose existence they were unable to demonstrate.

But what evidence can we possibly have on such a subject, or how far can we really foretell our fate? Shall we perish by a lingering dissolution, or will sudden destruction come upon us? Either end is obviously possible; is there any evidence for one rather than the other? The answer seems to be that the chances are in favour of a slow and quiet death, but that we are by no means free from the risk of sudden accident. We are, without a doubt, gradually wearing out our stock of vital force, but our career might be cut short in several ways before we had exhausted all our powers. Quite recently we have watched the wonderful spectacle of a sun burning with many times its former brilliance. It is true that to us this scarcely conceivable catastrophe has only been signalised by a somewhat added brightness to an inconspicuous star, but nevertheless we have certain evidence that that tiny glimmer, in regions so distant that we simply cannot conceive the extent of intervening space, was really a stupendous outburst of flaming gas, which must have desolated, not perhaps the star itself where the outburst took place, but the worlds revolving round that star, and depending upon it, as we depend on our sun, for that supply of force without which matter cannot live. We know nothing of the constitution of our own sun which forbids us to believe such an event possible, and when we remember the narrow limits of heat and cold within which life—as

life is known to us—alone can exist, we can readily see how it would want but a few moments of that blazing heat to extinguish life upon the earth and leave it desolate and void.

Such is at least one possible catastrophe which might suddenly destroy us. Its probability may be estimated from the fact that during all the years men have gazed upon the skies, among all the myriad suns they have watched, but one or two have been known to experience such a change. In fact, we have had but few observations of sudden cosmical changes of any sort, and, in spite of Dr. Whewell's eloquent protest against such a doctrine, it seems far more probable that our fate will be to wither gradually away. All observations, all calculations, point to the fact that earth and sun alike are wearing out, and that at some time or other, perhaps in a future to all human perception infinitely distant, the forces which now keep earth and sun and all the planets alive will be worn down into one uniform condition, in which action and reaction can no longer go on, and not only her inhabitants but earth herself will be dead.

As one of the deepest of modern thinkers, Professor Tait, has lately reminded us, the "energy" of the universe is continually passing from higher to lower forms, tending eventually to the lowest form of all, that of uniformly diffused heat. At present we have in our sun an ample store of energy, and to its heat, as it falls upon the earth, may readily be traced all our life, as well as all our natural changes, seasons, weather, and the like. Animals feed upon plants; plants are supported directly by the sun's rays, without the aid of which they could not asssimilate the matters which they convert into vegetable fibre. Without this continuous supply of force, life would rapidly perish from off the earth. The winds, the rain, the variations of heat and cold, summer and winter, are almost more directly traceable to the sun. As the sun gradually cools down, all vitality, all motion, will grow less and less throughout the solar universe. Life will fall back through successive stages like those through which it was developed. The changes in the seasons will disappear. The unimaginable cold of the interstellar spaces will possess itself of the earth. Though it may not again be without form, yet will it be void, and darkness will once more be upon the face of it. More than this the human imagination cannot conceive. Even this it cannot realise. It cannot even look forward to the time when such secular changes will be brought about that our earth, our sun, our universe shall lose their individuality, and in the crash of old worlds and the formation of new, a fresh store of energy shall be gathered up, like that which resulted from the first falling together of those masses which now form the sun and the planets.

Nor does there seem any possibility of calculation as to the term of our cosmical life. Hardy reasoners have calculated that ten or twelve million years alone can be allowed since first the earth took shape—and have thereby thrown no small difficulty in the way of those who ask for hundreds of millions to allow for the growth of the varied population of our globe. No one can yet say whether we have reached our prime, or how far we may have gone beyond it. Here our slender clue breaks. We are told that the sun is cooling only at the rate of one degree Centigrade in from seven to 7,000 years—dealing with figures of such magnitude the difference between these two numbers is really but slight—but this is not enough even to hazard a guess upon. It may be that before the sun quite loses his own energy, he will, Saturn-like, have consumed all his children; that the gradual slackening of the speed of the planets will at last allow them to yield to the sun's attraction, and, by the impact of their collision, give him heat enough to survive yet a little longer. The earth could thus support him for ninety-one years, Jupiter could give him 3,200, and so on with the rest. Thus reinforced he might perhaps take his place as a world, with life upon his globe, receiving from some other sun, in some larger system, life-supporting energy, such as he once distributed to his own attendant group of planets.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

There are some people whom we never expect to die, and the news of their death when it does come is always a surprise to us. Not that anyone supposes these particular people to be favoured with the gift of immortality, or even endowed with any greater certainty of longevity than the rest of mankind, but solely because their names and lives have grown into our and perhaps our fathers' generation, and have become so connected with certain places, or great questions, or important movements, that it is difficult to imagine them disassociated, even by death. And Brigham Young was one of these particular people. He was so essentially connected with Utah, and Salt Lake City, and the Mormons, and this association had endured so long—for his life had exceeded the lives of more than two average generations, and passed beyond the limits of the allotted three score years and ten—that he and Mormonism were as identical ideas. It is at first difficult to believe that Brigham Young and Utah are at last severed; that the Bee Hive House is tenantless; and that those who henceforward may journey to the city by the Salt Lake must be content to come and go without that sight of the Prophet which was as much the *summum bonum* of all previous travellers as St. Peter's worn foot in Rome to a devout Catholic, or the holy emblem at Mecca to a pilgrim Mussulman.

But there are far more serious consequences possibly depending on the Prophet's death than the loss of an interesting historical figure, and the disappointment of travellers out West. Indeed, he was latterly so much regarded as embodying in his own person the fate and fortunes of the Mormon movement, as being an incarnation of the whole Mormon question, that it is at least doubtful whether Mormonism will at all survive the loss of its leader. Of all the shocks the Latter-Day Saints have met with during their curious career, this is the most serious, the most likely to cause them serious damage, if not absolute destruction, as far as regards their position in American territory. For some time past the Governments of the United States have been making what might be best described as tentative efforts towards the uprooting of Mormonism. The existence of Utah as the home of a Mormon community is a distinct legal and moral trouble and puzzle to them, and it is by no means impossible that they may seize upon the opportunity afforded by the death of Brigham to take some decisive steps towards the settlement of a question that grows day by day more difficult to deal with. It will be remembered how the idea of creating Utah a Union State was scouted in 1872; since then the trials of Brigham Young, and above all the terrible disclosures with regard to the Meadow Mountain Massacres, have made an easy or amicable arrangement of the matter much more hopeless than ever.

The history of Mormonism is pretty generally known. Writers of all kinds have made us familiar with it from all points of view. We know about Joseph Smith's vision in Palmyra, New York, in 1823, and his discovery of the book of Mormon in 1827. Joseph's story "about the gold plates, about the Urim and Thummim, about the Egyptian mummy, about the Spalding manuscript novel, about the sword of Laban and the angelic visitors, about the Mormon bank, the paper money and the spiritual wife," which, according to Mr. Hepworth Dixon, "may be so told by a man of comic vein as to excite shouts of laughter in a Gentile room," is also more or less generally known. With the lynching of Joe Smith, Brigham Young rose into prominence as the Seer, and chose the Salt Lake Valley for "an everlasting abode" when the faithful departed from Nauvoo. Utah and Brigham Young rose into prominence and fame together, and now that the partnership is dissolved, the next arrangement is as yet uncertain.

Salt Lake City has been described as if it were one of the wonders of the world, a miracle in the desert, and all that sort of thing. It is nothing of the sort. The beauty of the town lies solely in its fine scenic surroundings; otherwise it is a creditable enough little place, nothing more than should be decently expected in

a thirty years' work, and certainly nothing, according to an Americanism, to make a howling about. But for its odd main street, with the huge eye painted over the shops, and the quaint inscriptions about Zion and the eye of the Lord, it is no better and no worse than many another commonplace little village, but the recent railroad extension will doubtless do much to improve it. The same sort of exaggeration which has been applied to the town has also been applied to its chief. He has been alternately regarded as a man of great genius and as a mere impostor. Yet Brigham Young was neither. That he was sincere in his belief, that he had a genuine trust in his faith and confidence in his own leadership, it would be idle and unnecessary to doubt; it would be almost equally unreasonable to regard him as a man of striking power or intellect much above the common. He has been justly described as a crafty fanatic, and it would be difficult to get any description of the man and his character that would be nearer the truth. In fact, he believed in his feeble and evil creed, and was clever enough to make the most of his leadership. That he came from New England was enough to ensure shrewdness; it was also sufficient to endow him with the fanaticism bequeathed by the Pilgrim Fathers. There was always a curious combination of sense and insanity about the man. His appearance was generally odd, and has been fairly described as a combination of the attempts at a European costume made by some African king and the get-up of a Suffolk farmer as presented on the boards of a transpontine theatre. The cross between the African king and the Suffolk farmer suggested by the dress of the Prophet found its parallel in the crafty fanaticism of the mind and in his countenance; the healthy, somewhat handsome face, with its cunning expression, suggested the force and the determined will and purpose that lay under the effuse plausibility of his manner. He was undoubtedly a man of immense talent and force of character; and there is little likelihood that among the Mormon saints and elders who are left anyone will be found capable of filling the position he left vacant, for Brigham Young had his enemies among the Mormons, but not his equal.

Mormonism has not lasted a very long time, by no means long enough to be called successful; it has been in a bad way for some time past, and with the death of its great chief it may crumble into nothing. At least it affords to the United States Government the opportunity of freeing itself from the unhealthy taint of polygamy. Without the leadership of Brigham Young it is not easy to imagine Mormonism making any determined stand against measures of improvement, and any attempt at forcible resistance would be utterly useless. It was, perhaps, as well that no decisive action should be taken during the lifetime of the first governor of Utah; but if his death be the cause of bringing any improvement into the dreary city, or any clearer understanding of the position of Mormonism in a country whose laws forbid polygamy, it is not to be regretted.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'The Adventures of a Phaeton,' 'The Princess of Thule,' &c.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

A THOUSAND ISLANDS.

The next day was a Sunday, still, and calm, and blue; and we sat or patiently walked along the wooden pier, waiting for the steamer that was to come up the broad waters of the St. Lawrence. The river lay before us like a lake. The sun was warm on the long planks. There was not a flake of cloud in the sky.

Hour after hour passed, and the steamer, that had been detained in the fog of the preceding night, did not appear. We got into a drowsy and dreamy state. We watched the people come and go by the other boats, without interest or curiosity. Who were these, for example—this motley group of Indians, with their pale olive complexion, and their oval eyes like the eyes of the Chinese? They spoke a guttural French; and they were clad in rags and tatters of all colours. Hop-pickers? The squalid descendants of the old Iroquois? And when these had gone, the only man who did remain was a big sailor-looking person, who walked up and down and eagerly whittled a bit of wood. Him we did regard with some languid interest. For hitherto we had not seen anyone engaged in this occupation; and we wished to know the object of it. Surely this was no idle amusement, this fierce and energetic cutting down of the stick? Was he not bent on making a peg? Or in sharpening his knife? Suddenly he threw the bit of wood into the river; and shut up his knife, with an air of much satisfaction: the mystery remains a mystery until this day.

Perhaps it is to beguile this tedium of waiting—and be it remembered that the Lake of a Thousand Islands lay right ahead of us, and Niagara, too; while at Niagara we expected to get letters from England—that one of us begins to tell a story. It is a pathetic story. It is all about a bank-clerk who lived a long time ago in Camden Town, and who used to walk in every day to the City. One day, as he was passing a small shop, he saw in a corner of the window about half-a-dozen water-colour drawings in a somewhat dirty and dilapidated state; and it occurred to him that, if he could get these cheap, he might have them fresh-mounted and framed, and then they would help to decorate a certain tiny house that he had his eye on for a particular reason. He bought the pictures for a few shillings; and he very proudly carried them forthwith to a carver and gilder whose shop lay in his line of route to the City. He was to call for them on the following Monday. He called in at the appointed time; and the carver and gilder seemed suddenly to recollect that he had forgotten the drawings; they would be ready on the next Monday. The bank-clerk was in no great hurry—for the fact is, he and his sweetheart had quarrelled—and he somewhat listlessly called in on the next Monday. The drawings, however, were not yet ready. And so it came to pass that every Monday evening as he went home to his lodgings, the bank-clerk—with a sad indifference growing more and more apparent in his face—called in for the water-colours, and found that they were not in the frames yet, and promised, without any anger in his voice, to call again. Years passed; and quite mechanically, on each Monday evening, the bank-clerk called in for the pictures, and just as mechanically he walked home without them to his lodgings. But these years had been dealing hardly with the bank-clerk. His sweetheart had proved faithless; and he no longer cared for anything that happened to him. He grew negligent about his dress; he became prematurely grey; he could not trust his memory in the fulfilment of his duties. And so in time they had to ask him to resign his situation in the bank; and he became a sort of messenger or hall-porter somewhere, with his clothes getting dingier and his hair whiter summer by summer and autumn by autumn. And at last he fell sick; and his wages were stopped; and he thought there was nothing for him to do now but to turn his face to the wall and die. But—said the narrator of this true story—would you believe it, one night the pictures came home! There was a noise on the little wooden stair—not the heavy tramp of the undertaker—but the uncertain footsteps of the carver and gilder, who had himself grown a tottering, white-headed old man. And when he came into the room, he burst into tears at sight of the

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poor bank-clerk; but all the same he cried out, "Now, see what I have done for you! I have kept your pictures until they have become OLD MASTERS! I have been offered 300*l.* a piece for them; you can have the money to-morrow." And the poor bank-clerk wept, too; and he got up, and shook his friend by the hand; he could scarcely express his gratitude. But what does he do now? Why, on the strength of the sum of money he got for his pictures he started a Bath-chair; and you may see him any day you like being wheeled along the broad walks in Regent's Park; and whenever he sees a young man with a beard, a velveteen coat, and unwashed hands, he imagines him to be an artist, and he stops and says to him, "I beg your pardon, sir; but don't be hard on the poor carver and gilder. He is only increasing the value of your pictures. It will all come right in time." This was the story of the poor bank-clerk.

The steamer! What business have we to be thinking about Regent's Park, here on the banks of the broad St. Lawrence? We enter the great vessel, and have a passing look at its vast saloons, and rows of cabins, and rows of life-belts. We start away into the wide stream, and go swiftly cutting through the clear green water; while the wooded and rocky banks and the occasional clusters of white houses glide noiselessly back into the sunny haze of the east. Then the vagus nerve has to be appeased; for it is a long time since we left the coffee-room at Dan'l's. When we go out on the high deck again, the afternoon is wearing on, and we are nearing that great widening of the river which is known as the Lake of a Thousand Islands.

But surely this is neither a river nor a lake that begins to disclose itself—stretching all across the western horizon, with innumerable islands, and grey rocks, and dark clusters of firs, and bold sweeps of silver where a current passes through the dark-green reflections of the trees. It is more like a submerged continent just reappearing above the surface of the sea; for as far as the eye can range there is nothing visible but this glassy plain of water, with islands of every form and magnitude, wooded down to the edge of the current. It is impossible to say which is our channel, and which the shore of the mainland; we are in a wilderness of water, and rock, and tree, in unceasing combinations, in perpetual, calm, dream-like beauty. And as we open up vista after vista of this strange world—seeing no sign of life, from horizon to horizon, but a few wild-duck that go whirring by—the rich colours in the west deepen; the sun sinks red behind some flashing clouds of gold; there is a wild glare of rose and yellow that just misses the water, but lights up the islands as if with fire; one belt of pine in the west has become of a deep violet; while all around the eastern sky there is a low-lying flush of pink. And then, after the sun has gone, behold! there is a pale, clear, beautiful green all across the west; and that is barred with russet, purple, and orange; and the shadows along the islands have grown dusky and solemn. It is a magical night. The pale, lambent twilight still fills the world, and is too strong for the stars—unless we are to regard as golden planets the distant lights of the lighthouses that steadily burn above the rocks. There is a grey, metallic lustre on the surface of the lake, now ruffled by the cool winds of the night. And still we go gliding by these dark and silent islands, having the sharp yellow ray of a lighthouse now on this side and now on that; and still there seems to be no end to this world of shadowy foliage, and rock, and gleaming water. Good-night—good-night—before the darkness comes down! The Lake of a Thousand Islands has burned itself into our memory in flashes of rose-colour and gold.

What is this strange thing that awakens us in the early morning—a roaring and rushing noise outside, a swaying of the cabin that reminds us of "the rolling Forties" in mid-Atlantic, and sudden dashes of green water across the dripping glass of the port-hole? We stagger up on deck, and lo! there is nothing around us but driving skies and showers and hurrying masses of green water, that seem to have no boundary of mainland or island. We congregate in the forward part of the saloon, and survey this cheerless prospect; our only object of interest being the rapid flight of some wild-fowl that scud by before the wind. Have we drifted away, then, from the big, hot continent they call America, and floundered somehow into the Atlantic or Pacific? We are withdrawn from this outward spectacle by the pathetic complaints of a tall and lank Canadian, who has made friends with everybody, and is loudly discoursing—in a high, shrill, plaintive key—of his troubles, not the least of which is that he declares he will shortly be sea-sick if this plunging of the steamer continues. It appears that he came on board at some port or other about six in the morning, with his wife, who, an invalid, still remains in her cabin.

"Yes, sir. The landlord shet up at 'leven o'clock, and we didn't know when the boat was comin' 'long; and me and the old woman we had to go bamboozlin round moren hef the night; and that makes a man kiner clanjammery, you bet!"

He looked through the dripping winds with an uncomfortable air.

"There's a pretty riley bit o' sea on," he remarked.

He became more and more serious, and a little pale.

"If this goes on," said he, suddenly, "by Gosh, I'll heave!"

So we considered it prudent to withdraw from the society of this frank and friendly person; and while the vessel went plunging on through the wild chaos of green and grey mists and vapours we busied ourselves in purchasing nick-nacks manufactured by the Canadian Indians, little dreaming that ere long we should be the guest of the red man in his wigwam in the Far West, and be enabled to negotiate for the purchase of articles deposited by the innocent children of the forest at a sort of extemporised pawnshop at the Agency. It was then that one of our number—her name shall not be mentioned, even though thousands of pounds be offered—made a joke. It was not an elaborate joke. But when she said something, in a very modest and sly way, about a Pawnee, we forgave her wickedness for the sake of the beautiful colour that for a second suffused her blushing face.

Even Lake Ontario, shoreless as it seemed when we went on deck in the morning, must end some time; and so it was that at length we came in sight of its north-western boundaries, and of Toronto. By this time the weather had cleared up a bit; and we landed with the best disposition in the world towards this great collection of business buildings and private dwellings all put down at right angles on the sandy plain adjoining the lake.

"*Now* will you study the history, literature, and political situation of Canada?" asked the only serious member of this party, when we had reached the spacious and comfortable hotel which was an agreeable relief after being on board that fog-surrounded ship.

"I will not," is the plain answer.

"What did you come to America for?"

If she had been honest, she would have confessed that one of her plans in coming to America was the familiar one of delivering a series of lectures—all at the head of one innocent young wife. But she say boldly—

"To amuse myself."

"And you have no care for the ties which bind the mother-country to these immense colonies—you have no interest in their demands——"

"Not the slightest."

"You would see them go without concern."

"Yes. Are we not always giving them a civil hint to that effect?"

"It is nothing to you that the enterprise of your fellow-subjects has built this great town, in a surprisingly short time, on this arid plain——"

"It is a great deal to me," she says. "I must buy a dust-coat, if I can get one. And what about the arid plain! I see as many trees here as I have seen in any city on this side of the Atlantic."

And so it was always; the most earnest of students would have broken down in his efforts to impress on this tourist party the necessity of learning anything. If you spoke to them about theatres, or carriages, or dry champagne, perhaps they might condescend to listen; but they treated with absolute indifference the most vital questions regarding the welfare of the nation whose guests they were. The kindly folks who drove them about Toronto—through the busy streets of the commercial district—through the sandy thoroughfares where the smart villas stood amid the gardens—and through that broad and pleasant public park — tried to awaken their concern about the doings of this person and that person whose name was in all the newspapers; and they paid no more heed than they might have done had the Legislature at Ottawa been composed of the three tailors of Tooley Street. But there was one point about Toronto which they did most honestly and warmly admire; and that was the Norman Gothic University. To tell the truth, we had not seen much that was striking in the way of architecture since crossing the Atlantic; but the simple grace and beauty of this grey stone building wholly charmed these careless travellers; and again and again they spoke of it in after days when our eyes could find nothing to rest upon but tawdry brick and discoloured wood. There is a high tower at this Toronto College; and we thought we might as well go up to the top of it. The lieutenant, who was never at a loss for want of an introduction, speedily procured us a key; and we began to explore many curious and puzzling labyrinths and secret passages. At last we stood on the flat top of the square tower; and all around us lay a fresh and smiling country, with the broad waters of Ontario coming close up to the busy town. We went walking quite carelessly about this small enclosed place; we were chatting with each other; and occasionally leaning on the parapet of grey stone.

Who was it who first called out? Far away over there—in the haze of the sunlight—over the pale ridges of high-lying woods—a faint white column rose into the still sky, and spread itself abroad like a cloud. Motionless, colourless, it hung there in the golden air; and for a time we could not make out what this strange thing might be. And then we bethought ourselves—that spectral column of white smoke, rising into the summer sky, told where Niagara lay hidden in the distant woods.

LITERATURE.

MR. SWINBURNE ON CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

A Note on Charlotte Brontë. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Chatto and Windus.

In the present dearth of good books, a "Note" from Mr. Swinburne on Charlotte Brontë is a welcome windfall, and its interest is not diminished by the fact that within the compass of its ninety-seven pages the author glances incidentally at a good many other things and persons besides the works and the character of his nominal subject. Mr. Swinburne's critical essays, without being rambling—for he is one of the most logically coherent of writers—generally have this richness of incidental allusion. He is always so full, not merely of his subject, but of everything relating to it, that in an essay upon any individual in a literary period he invariably brings within the sweep of his strong net every writer whose work offers any point of comparison; so that, instead of a single portrait, we get a historical picture of admirably grouped and poignantly characterised figures. The occasion of the present essay is the recent publication of Mr. Wemyss Reid's papers on Charlotte Brontë, and the consequent revision of her claims as a novelist in the various periodical organs of criticism. The new excitement of opinion about Charlotte Brontë, produced by the dropping of Mr. Reid's book into the literary waters, much more than the book itself, seems to have been the cause of Mr. Swinburne's breaking silence; for, although he speaks of the book as "a priceless contribution to our knowledge of one of the greatest among women," he has almost nothing to say about Miss Brontë's personal character. In her case, as in that of her sister Emily, Mr. Swinburne considers that the chief fact about her was the special gift and application of her creative genius; he apparently takes little interest in knowing what manner of woman she was in private life. At least, whatever be the scope of Mr. Swinburne's interests, it is with Charlotte Brontë's distinctive gifts as a novelist, and not with her domestic habits or personal moods, that he deals here.

Mr. Swinburne's anger has been especially kindled against the kindly patronage of Charlotte Brontë by one contemporary critic, who ventured to think that her works would "one day again be regarded as evidences of exceptional intellectual power." Seeing that Mr. Swinburne holds that the sisters Brontë and Mrs. Browning make up "the perfect trinity for England of highest female fame," he would have been false to his duty as a true knight if he had not sallied forth to avenge the insult of this faint praise. To intensify the provocation, the critics who thus complacently pat Mr. Swinburne's divinity on the back have a divinity of their own before whom they prostrate themselves, and morning and evening offer the incense of their adulation. Mr. Swinburne is prepared to award a high place to the authoress of 'Adam Bede' and 'Daniel Deronda,' and he is not stinted in his protestations of respect for her wonderful powers. He can even permit himself to speak of "the broad, sharp contrast offered by the singular perfection of George Eliot's [illegible] imaginative work with its gracious union of ease and strength, its fulness and purity of outline, its clearness and accuracy of touch, its wise and tender equity, its radiant and temperate honour, its harmony and sincerity of tone, to the doubtful, heavy-gaited, floundering tread of Charlotte Brontë's immature and tentative genius, at its first start on the road to so triumphal a goal as lay ahead of it." He will go all lengths save one in his admission of George Eliot's excellence. "In some points it is undeniable that she may claim precedence, not of these alone, but of all other illustrious women. Such wealth and depth of thoughtful and fruitful humour, of vital and various intelligence, no woman has ever shown—no woman perhaps has ever shown a tithe of it. In knowledge, in culture, perhaps in capacity for knowledge and for culture, Charlotte Brontë was no more comparable to George Eliot than George Eliot is comparable to Charlotte Brontë in purity of passion, in depth and ardour of feeling, in spiritual force and fervour of forthright inspiration." There and thus Mr. Swinburne draws the line. He admits many of the claims put forward for George Eliot by her admirers, but he will not allow her the genius of Charlotte Brontë. He does not proclaim his divinity perfect; but he hurls the lightning of his scorn at all who refuse to see that her shortcomings are the shortcomings of genius, whereas George Eliot's shortcomings are the aberrations of uninspired intellect. "It would be rather a rough and sweeping than a loose or inaccurate division which should define the one as a type of genius distinguished from intellect, the other of intellect as

opposed to genius. But it would, as I venture to think, be little or nothing more or less than accurate to recognise in George Eliot a type of intelligence vivified and coloured by a vein of genius; in Charlotte Brontë a type of genius directed and moulded by the touch of intelligence."

But Mr. Swinburne is not content with thus casting in the teeth of the condescending patrons of Charlotte Brontë their presumptuous acknowledgment of "exceptional intellectual powers." He essays with all his magnificent force of sonorous prose to expound and illustrate his retort and vindication. First he discourses as follows on the difference between the shortcomings of genius and the shortcomings of intellect:—

That great genius is liable to great error the world has ever been willing, if not more than willing, to admit; that great genius not equally balanced by great intellect is not one half as liable to go one half as wrong as intellect unequally counterpoised by genius, is a truth less popular and less familiar, but neither less important nor less indisputable. That Charlotte Brontë, a woman of the first order of genius, could go very wrong indeed, there are whole scenes and entire characters in her work which afford more than ample proof. But George Eliot, a woman of the first order of intellect, has once and again shown how much further and more steadily and more hopelessly and more irretrievably and more intolerably wrong it is possible for mere intellect to go than it ever can be possible for mere genius. Having no taste for the dissection of dolls, I shall leave Daniel Deronda in his natural place above the ragshop door; and having no ear for the melodies of a Jew's harp, I shall leave the Spanish Gipsy to perform on that instrument to such audience as she may collect. It would be unjust and impertinent to dwell much on Charlotte Brontë's brief and modest attempts in verse; but it would be unmanly and unkindly to touch at all on George Eliot's; except indeed to remark in passing that they are about equally commendable for the one and for the other of those negative good qualities which I have commended in Miss Brontë's. And from this point of difference, if from no other point here discernible, those who will or who can learn anything may learn a lesson in criticism which may perhaps be worth laying to heart: that genius, though it can put forth no better claim than intellect may assert for itself to share the papal gift of infallibility, is naturally the swifter of the two to perceive and to retrieve its errors. Where genius takes one false step in the twilight and draws back by instinct, intelligence once misguided will take a thousand without the slightest diffidence; will put its best foot foremost in the pitchy darkness, step out gallantly through all brakes and quagmires till stuck fast up to the middle, and higher yet, in some blind Serbonian bog of blundering presumption, and thence will not improbably strike up a psalm of hoarse thanksgiving or shrill self-gratulation, to be echoed from afar by the thousand marshy throats of a Mæotian or Bœotian frog concert, for the grace here given it to have set a triumphant foot on the solid rock, and planted a steady flagstaff on the splendid summits of supreme and unsurpassable success.

In the dedication of this "Note" to Mr. Theodore Watts Mr. Swinburne speaks of it as "an imperfect expression of fellow-feeling on the subject here imperfectly and inadequately handled." When we read such passages as the above, we cannot help marvelling what can be Mr. Swinburne's notion of perfect expression and adequate treatment, and wondering whether Mr. Watts could describe more vividly the misfortunes of poor, presumptuous intellect in the Serbonian bog. And the wonder grows as we read on and come to the illustration in detail of the mistakes of genius and the mistakes of intellect. Mr. Swinburne passes over lightly the shortcomings of Charlotte Brontë.

Whatever in 'Jane Eyre' is other than good is also less than important. The accident which brings a famished wanderer to the door of unknown kinsfolk might be a damning flaw in a novel of mere incident; but incident is not the keystone and commonplace is not the touchstone of this. The vulgar insolence and brutish malignity of the well-born guests at Thornfield Hall are grotesque and incredible in speakers of their imputed station; these are the natural properties of that class of persons which then supplied, as it yet supplies, the writers of such articles as one of memorable infamy and imbecility on 'Jane Eyre' to the artistic and literary department of the *Quarterly Review*. So gross and grievous a blunder would entail no less than ruin on a mere novel of manners; but accuracy in the distinction and reproduction of social characteristics is not the test of capacity for such work as this.

Charlotte Brontë sins against probability in her incidents, and sins against reality in her characters; but her transgressions are not criminal, because she owed them no allegiance. They were not her masters: she was not their subject. Such, as we understand it, is Mr. Swinburne's contention. On the other hand, George Eliot's shortcomings are unpardonable; she sins against art. Mr. Swinburne utterly refuses to forgive her for the third volume of 'The Mill on the Floss.' For the first parts of that work, which he considers "at once the highest and the purest and the fullest example of her magnificent and matchless powers," no praise is too high; it is perhaps "the very noblest of tragic as well as of humorous prose idyls in the language." But—

Who can forget the horror of inward collapse, the sickness of spiritual reaction, the reluctant incredulous rage of disenchantment and disgust, with which he first came upon the thrice unhappy third part? . . . What shall anyone say of the upshot? If we are really to take it on trust, to confront it as a contingent or conceivable possibility, resting our reluctant faith on the authority of so great a female writer, that a woman of Maggie Tulliver's kind can be moved to any sense but that of bitter disgust and sickening disdain by a thing—I will not write, a man—of Stephen Guest's; if we are to accept as truth and fact, however astonishing and revolting, so shameful an avowal, so vile a revelation as this; in that ugly and lamentable case, our only remark, as our only comfort, must be that now at least the last word of realism has surely been spoken, the last abyss of cynicism has surely been sounded and laid bare. The three master cynics of French romance are eclipsed and distanced and extinguished, passed over and run down and snuffed out on their own boards. To the rosy innocence of Laclos, to the cordial optimism of Stendhal, to the trustful tenderness of Mérimée, no such degradation of female character seems ever to have suggested itself as imaginable. Iago never flung such an imputation on all womanhood; Madame de Merteuil would never have believed it. For a higher view and a more cheering aspect of the sex, we must turn back to these gentler teachers, these more flattering painters of our own; we must take up 'La Double Méprise'—or 'Le Rouge et le Noir'—or 'Les Liaisons Dangereuses.'

But I for one am not prepared or willing to embrace a belief so much too degrading and depressing for the conception of those pure and childlike souls. My faith will not digest at once the first two volumes and the third volume of 'The Mill on the Floss;' my conscience or credulity has not gorge enough for such a gulp. Whatever capacity for belief is in me I find here impaled once more as on the horns of that old divine's dilemma between the irreconcilable attributes of goodness and omnipotence in the supposed Creator of suffering and of sin. If the one quality be predicable, the other quality cannot be predicable of the same subject. As between κοινὴ and πουνὴ, we must choose. Lady Percy on the lap of Falstaff, bidding him patch up his old body for heaven; Miranda nestling in the arms of Trinculo; Virgilia seeking consolation for her husband's exile in the rival devotion of Brutus and Sicinius; Desdemona finding refuge from her troubles on the bosom of Roderigo—could no longer pretend to be the widow of Hotspur, the bride of Ferdinand, the wife of the noblest Roman, the fellow-martyr of the nobler Moor. No higher tribute can be claimed and no deeper condemnation can be incurred by perverse or intermittent genius than is conveyed or implied in such comparisons as these. The hideous transformation by which Maggie is debased—were it but for an hour—into the willing or yielding companion of Stephen's flight would probably and deservedly have been resented as a brutal and vulgar outrage on the part of a male novelist. But the man never lived, I do believe, who could have done such a thing as this: as the man, I should suppose, does not exist who could make for the first time the acquaintance of Mr. Stephen Guest with no incipient sense of a twitching in his fingers and a tingling in his toes at the notion of any contact between Maggie Tulliver and a cur so far beneath the chance of promotion to the notice of his horsewhip, or elevation to the level of his boot.

Here, then, is the patent flaw, here too plainly is the flagrant blemish, which defaces and degrades the very crown and flower of George Eliot's wonderful and most noble work; no rent or splash on the raiment, no speck or scar on the skin of it, but a cancer in the very bosom, a gangrene in the very flesh. It is a radical and mortal plague-spot, corrosive and incurable; in the apt and accurate phrase of Rabelais, "an enormous solution of continuity." The book is not the same before it and after. No washing or trimming, no pruning or purging, could eradicate or efface it; it could only be removable by amputation and remediable by cautery.

Mr. Swinburne pursues this invective against Stephen Guest through several pages of his "Note," getting more and more indignant and gloriously vituperative as he proceeds. We must confess we sympathise thoroughly with his antipathy to the character, as well as his condemnation of the art, that could permit itself to wreck a pure and noble life by means so repulsive. But we are not so sure that we agree with Mr. Swinburne that this blunder is explained by dilating on the contrast between constructive intellect and creative genius. We admit that there is something in George Eliot's work which is correctly expressed by saying that her characters are constructed and not created. The form of expression is not perfect; one cannot get perfect expression for such abstract conclusions; still, when one compares her characters with those of Charlotte Brontë or Emily Brontë, one feels as if in the one case they had been built up, and in the other they had grown up.

We should, perhaps, prefer to say not that George Eliot wanted the creative genius for character, but that in her it is perpetually crossed and thwarted by social, moral, and ethological theories, by extra-artistic aims. But the contrast between construction and creation, though it does not sit upon the facts of the case with absolute exactness, is a sufficiently sound and intelligible distinction. It is, however, another question whether the part played by Stephen Guest is due to want of creative genius. It is not creative genius that is at fault here, but artistic loyalty. George Eliot cannot but be aware that the love of Maggie Tulliver for such a man as Stephen Guest is repulsive to artistic sentiment. Unless we are to suppose that she conceived a demoniac hatred to the beautiful being whom she had created, and was irresistibly impelled to degrade her, we can only believe that she was led astray by some theory as to how such a woman would have behaved in real life. She deliberately put reality and probability, as she conceived them, above art. Apparently she conceived that Stephen Guest, "Antinous of the counter" though he was, would in real life, with his hearty strength and resonant musical voice, have a more powerful physical attraction for Maggie than her deformed and modest lover Philip; and she sacrificed art to reality. We do not share in all its vehemence Mr. Swinburne's view of the heinousness of George Eliot's offence; still it must be admitted that, whatever else a work of art may be, it should be artistic. A work of art should be artistic in the first place, and cannot evade the demands of art without renouncing its pretensions to the name. Maggie Tulliver's love for Stephen Guest must remain a standing reproach to George Eliot as an artist; and if Mr. Swinburne has enlarged upon the fault with too copious a severity, he may fairly plead his devotion to art as an excuse for administering this pungent antidote to the laudations of her more intemperate admirers.

IDOLS AND IDEALS.

Idols and Ideals. With an Essay on Christianity. By Moncure Daniel Conway, M.A., Author of 'The Earthward Pilgrimage,' &c. London: Trübner and Co.

Mr. Conway begins his thoughtful and picturesquely-written volume by observing that "an unhappy sign in any country is the appearance of pessimist speculations;" and goes on to touch upon various apprehensions of evil with which some English minds are troubled, dwelling specially on the fear that the fall of any established form of creed must involve the fall of all social and political systems that have been associated with it. The expression of such a foreboding as this has, says the author, become "a favourite method of trying to intimidate free thought and free speech," and he quotes the instance of a prelate who said that he would not stop to inquire whether the tidings of science were true or not; he only asked whether they were glad tidings, and, on finding that to him they were not glad, at once rejected them without investigation. It is only natural that this method of dealing with discovery should still survive to some extent from the days when priestly authority brought all its moral and physical weight to bear on crushing freedom of thought and possibility of inquiry beyond the narrow limits prescribed by interested fanaticism. But the extent to which wilful ignorance prevails is, it may be hoped, growing gradually less; and such books as this of Mr. Conway's, in which the writer, while he gives full expression to his convictions, does not permit enthusiasm to carry him into any intemperateness, should do good service in narrowing still further the area of blind prejudice.

It has been said that there is no intolerance equal to that of tolerant people; and the paradox is not without its truth. At the same time it must, we think, be admitted that tolerance may degenerate into a culpable apathy. As Mr. Conway puts it:—

> The more valuable a coin the more dangerous is its counterfeit, and the more attractive a virtue the more necessary that its garb shall not be conceded to its opposite. Charity is due to every sincere man, but not to proven error. If a man be in error, the more I love him the more will I hate the falsity that misleads him. When the wolf pleaded for compassion, the shepherd replied, "Mercy to you were cruelty to the lamb." It is difficult to see how it can be consistent with love to our fellow-beings that we should be tender to the errors that afflict them, or to the superstition that devours them. Clemency becomes cruelty when it parts from common sense.

The superficial objection to this statement, which the author describes as "too plain to require argument," is that just such a form of speech as might have been employed by Torquemada as an excuse for plucking many brands from the burning by the primitive method of thrusting a few into it. What is to one man proven error is to another common sense; and it is perhaps unfortunate that the paragraph above quoted might be separated from its context and used as a handle to an accusation against Mr. Conway of the very intolerance at which he is disgusted. What follows, however, shows that the apparently threatening words are only designed to expose a particular form of what may be called indifferentism, which no doubt is common enough. This is the hesitation of people who have concluded that many things taught as truths are false, to rob their children or fellow men of "pleasant illusions"—a hesitation expressed in the Laureate's verse quoted by the author—

> Leave thou thy sister when she prays
> Her early heaven, her happy views,
> Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse
> A life that leads melodious days.

Upon this Mr. Conway points out that if our sister's prayer is earnest it must needs include her early hell as well as her early heaven; and he protests against the notion that the ugly side of a creed may be put away and only its pleasing aspect retained. Starting from this point, which is developed with much care, the author goes on in his second chapter to trace the ordinary course run by a superstition; and through other chapters, in which are contained much thought and eloquence, arrives at the last and not the least interesting, which he calls "The Angel of Death." From the chapter entitled "Anthropomorphism" we may quote a few words which will give some idea of the general tenor of Mr. Conway's work:—

> of things, because I find [illegible] and absolute nature Reason, and in an ideal perfection which neither individual men nor all mankind have attained. . . . We cannot comprehend the mystery of Love and Thought in our own nature. . . . We feel—and why shall feeling be denied its weight?—that these onward-drawing forces, these longings for a completer life, are the profoundest realities of our existence, and correspond to their like reality in the universe.

It may be objected to this, by people who can only be content with hard facts, that Mr. Conway has no right to say "we feel" because he himself feels this; and that, even granting this, feeling is not fit matter for argument. But it is probable that the majority of readers will experience a sympathy with the author's expression that will lead them to pardon whatever vagueness it has. In the interesting chapter, called "The Praying Machine," Mr. Conway, unless we are strangely mistaken, has made a slip in the words, "this praying-barrel, every revolution of which is supposed to influence spirits, angels, genii, or even Buddha himself." In another part of the chapter, the author describes the wheel as "an amulet inscribed with sacred texts," and in this description he is much nearer the truth. It is our impression that in Buddhism, at any rate, the praying-wheel is not supposed to affect supernatural beings one way or the other. Its influence upon the course of human events is as much a part of the order of nature as sunrise and sunset, and the gods cannot, if they would, interfere with its action. In fact, a Buddhist might justify his praying-wheel as the Stoics did the practice of divination, and as some modern Spiritualists do that of table-rapping, as a purely scientific procedure based on acknowledged experience. In other words, the praying-wheel is a form

of magic; and it might be a question worth pursuing whether the employment of magical formulæ was not earlier in the history of mankind than that of prayer in the modern sense. However, if Mr. Conway had taken precisely this view of the praying-wheel, he would have lost to some extent the opportunity for an effective comparison. In the chapter headed "Real and Ideal," the author makes a strong point by reminding his readers of the vision of Helen in the second part of *Faust*. "When Faust beheld the personification of intellectual beauty—the Greek Helena—and sought to grasp her, she instantly faded away. He was hurled back to the old attic whence he started. But then the scholar began his real quest for that ideal which he had seen in his highest moment." And it was that quest which led him to the supreme moment in which he found himself working for Humanity, the moment which he claimed for his own, and in which the fiend was powerless to harm him. "No demons of pain or remorse can grasp him whose defence is the rose he has evoked from thorns." The same feeling runs through the five concluding chapters on "The Angel of Death," in which the author traces the steps by which Asraël, the Inevitable, became gradually the vulgar and hideous King of Terror, from whose shocking attributes Mr. Conway believes that the general modern dislike of death has survived. Shakespeare's Claudio, in the agony of fear, imagined—

> The delighted spirit
> To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
> In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice,
> To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
> And blown with violence round about
> The pendent world.

"These," says Mr. Conway, "were common English phantasms but little time ago, and, although they have been discredited by the intelligent, the impress they left on human nerves still lingers in many a strong man's vague horror of death."

ALLAN RAMSAY.

The Poems of Allan Ramsay. With Glossary, Life of the Author, and Remarks. In Two Volumes. Printed for [illegible]

praising Pope and Lady Winchelsea as the only poets of the early part of the eighteenth century who studied external nature, should have omitted to include the name of a Scottish bard, their immediate contemporary, by the side of whose best descriptive passages their own appear conventional and tame. Whether a slip of the memory or national prejudice caused this oversight, it was a serious one. Since the time of Wordsworth, criticism has come to feel that the absence of nature in the Augustan poets, about which so much was said at the beginning of this century, is rather a fault of style than of matter, and of choice of theme than of blind indifference. There is plenty of nature-study in Swift and Gay, in Farquhar and Pope, but it is stifled with satire, and it belongs rather to the town than the country. When Wordsworth spoke of Nature, he meant streams and mountains, the fresh windy solitudes and silent woods, all that made Addison so thoroughly miserable on his way to Geneva. For all of this there was really but one poet from 1680 to 1730 who had the least native love or longing, and that one was Allan Ramsay. For this genuine pleasure in out-of-door scenery, and affectionate remembrance of its picturesque details, he deserves all acknowledgment. Of his contemporaries all, even the much-lauded Lady Winchelsea, are cold and conventional when they describe the country, and their best impressions seem rather taken from a golden landscape of Cuyp than from personal observation. They fly back to town, and paint the worst inn's worst room with the exactitude of photography. But there was a wig-maker up in Edinburgh, who could describe a Scotch streamlet so that we hear the murmur of the water and yield to the sweet influences of the place:—

> Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
> Where a' that's sweet in spring and simmer grow;
> Between twa birks out o'er a little lin
> The water fa's, and makes a singan din;
> A pool breast-deep, beneath, as clear as glass,
> Kisses with easy whirles the bord'ring grass.
> We'll end our washing while the morning's cool,
> And when the day grows hot we'll to the pool,
> There wash oursels; 'tis healthfu' now in May,
> And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

Very soon after this, and many delicate passages like this, were published, Thomson began to attract the public attention to the loveliness of the country, but in a formal, pompous language, far less charming than this bucolic simplicity. Dyer followed, with his epoch-working trifle, "Grongar Hill," but it was long before English poetry grew humble enough to emulate the best of Allan Ramsay.

It is needful to say "the best," for unfortunately this true-born child of the Muses had a very inadequate sense of the dignity of poetry, and a taste wholly instinctive and uneducated. He was humbly born, and if not poor, only because his own independent exertions in honest trade had raised him to a competence. He had neither the means nor the opportunity to leave Edinburgh, where his genius was alternately tempted and baulked, led to produce rubbish for an ill-trained public, and disappointed with the failure of his enlightened schemes. He looked upon London as a sort of Parnassus, and sighed in his provincial exile for a wider field of intellectual exercise. For Pope, Gay, and the other fashionable men of letters, he had an extravagant regard; and when the author of "Trivia" lounged into his shop to ask the meaning of some expressions in "The Gentle Shepherd," that he might communicate them to Mr. Pope, Ramsay was a happy man. He wrote a poem of absurdly fulsome eulogy to Pope when the "Iliad" was brought out. If it had not been for his boundless good-humour, and the stock of fine sound sense that never failed him, he would have become quite petulant. But there was not a grain of peevishness in the character of Allan Ramsay.

The first volume of his works as here collected is rather tedious. "Tartana, or The Plaid," a small epic published in 1721 in which the [illegible] classic allusions, such as Humea and Campbella, is sufficiently intolerable, whether considered as serious or mock-heroic. A didactic piece on "Content," in five hundred lines, is not lively reading. How close Ramsay dared to come in imitation of Pope is seen in such a parody of "The Rape of the Lock," as the poem "On the Marquis of Bowmont's cutting off his hair." His early anacreontics are but poor followings of the bright manner of Prior. We are almost half through the first volume when we are arrested by the first really well-written poem of Ramsay's, "The Vision," a mock-antique of great spirit and lyrical force. It is in this work that we begin to observe the beneficial results of that antiquarian study of old Scotch poetry which Ramsay inaugurated. "The Vision" is clearly moulded, in point of form, on Alexander Montgomery's "The Cherry and the Sloe," printed in 1597. The small but vital school of Scotch poets of the end of the sixteenth century were re-discovered by Allan Ramsay, and their lyrical spirit, as well as their metrical inventions, were transmitted by him to Burns. In "Lucky Spence's Last Advice," a really brilliant piece of genre-painting almost in the manner of Villon, Ramsay borrowed from a contemporary of Shakespeare, the elder Smepill, who is believed to have invented it, the characteristic stanza of which this is an example—

> My loving lasses, I maun leave ye;
> But dinna wi' your greeting grieve me,
> Nor wi' your draunts and droning deave me,
> But bring's a gill;
> For faith, my bairns, ye may believe me,
> 'Tis 'gainst my will.

Adopted later on by Burns, this became the national verse of Scotland. But it was less from Montgomery or from Sempill than from an old poet even more neglected that Ramsay took a deep draught of inspira-

tion. This was Alexander Hume, whose simple and cheerful strains, with their limpid sweetness and direct picturesqueness, were clearly responsible for that delicate landscape which we admire in "The Gentle Shepherd."

In the second volume of this edition we learn to understand the power of Ramsay, and to appreciate his importance as a forerunner of Burns. His lyrical gift was tame and uncertain, but he had an immense facility and a singular art of identifying himself with the simple audience for whom he wrote. His songs are wanting in finish, and, from the opposite point of view, equally devoid, of passion. Hardly one is really good enough to be quoted simply on its own account, as a jewel of song. But taken collectively, they bear witness to a warm and generous nature, genuinely impelled to find its expression in verse. But the real masterpiece of Ramsay, and that which gives him his unfading place in literature, is the first act of his famous pastoral. All "The Gentle Shepherd" is excellently written; the structure of the plot, the simplicity and interest of the action, the delightful freshness of style—these are admirable throughout; but it is the first act alone that, for purity of language and originality of conception, belongs to the highest kind of pastoral writing. Nothing in English bucolic verse is so beautiful as this, because nothing is so genuine. In "Comus" we are far away in the Utopia of allegoric mythology; England has not much to do with the scented underwood of Fletcher's amorous idyll. Even Browne escapes conventionality only by practically abandoning the pastoral standpoint altogether. But when we read how

> Beneath the south side of a craggy bield,
> Where crystal springs the halesome waters yield,
> Twa youthfu' shepherds on the gowans lay,
> Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
> Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring;
> But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.

We feel something of the pleasure that the dwellers in sultry Alexandria must have felt when Theocritus sang to them about the Sicilian fields. In almost all modern pastorals there is something affected and insincere; we feel the *dramatis personæ* are really town gentlemen and ladies in country masquerade, and the landscape, when it is not mere scene-painting, is the landscape of a drawing-room. But Ramsay contrived to paint something better than a *fête champêtre*, and to give a sin cereand charming picture of Scotch peasant life. The attempt was bold in that beperiwigged age, but it had an immediate and assured success. It has been said that Ramsay was encouraged to write "The Faithful Shepherdess" by the renown of Gay's *Beggar's Opera*; but the critics who have suggested this forget that the latter was not produced until 1727, whereas the former dates from 1725. It is, indeed, far more probable that Gay, who had a faculty for inverting the inventions of others, and who had already gained a reputation by travestying the pastorals of Ambrose Phillips, saw in the "The Gentle Shepherd," which he is known to have admired, a capital subject for his peculiar powers. The *Beggar's Opera* is, at any rate, an exact inversion of the method of the Scotch idyllist, but on the same lines.

The present edition is a reprint of the London one of 1800. We do not know what special charm there was about this particular issue. It would have been much more interesting to have presented us with a chronological reprint of Ramsay's successive publications, with at least some less chaotic scheme of arrangement. The bibliography of Ramsay's works is considerably confused, and these volumes do nothing to remedy the confusion. Perhaps it was the essay, called "The Life of Allan Ramsay," at the opening of the 1800 edition, which induced the publishers to retain it. We do not remember to have lately read anything so ludicrously stilted or so preposterously weak as this effort at biography. A short life of Allan Ramsay, written on modern principles, and not by a mere provincial fanatic, would be a welcome addition to literature.

ART ADMINISTRATION.

L'Art dans la Société et dans l'État. Par Edouard Fétis, Membre de l'Académie Royale de Belgique. Bruxelles: F. Hayez.

M. Fétis has written a very interesting and instructive essay upon a subject that very nearly concerns us at the present time. Of all countries in Europe England has perhaps the most need to inform itself rightly as to the true relations which should be established between art and government, for it is in England that the next important experiment in art administration will be made. No one who has carefully watched the recent movement of public opinion can entertain any doubt upon this point. The growing dissatisfaction with the conduct of the Royal Academy and the increasing importance of the establishment at South Kensington, the rapid progress of provincial museums and public galleries of art, and the consequent demand of the inhabitants of the provinces to share in the enjoyment of the national treasures that have been amassed in the metropolis—these are all significant signs of a strong desire in the minds of the public for a more efficient and comprehensive system of art administration. On the one hand, we find a tendency to examine with more searching criticism the conduct of such public institutions of art as we already possess. The deputation of which Mr. Chamberlain recently made himself the spokesman represents a very widespread feeling that the people do not under existing arrangements get the full benefit of the treasure that has been collected in their name and at their cost, and those who are conversant with the management of our public institutions will admit at once that this feeling is well founded. The British Museum, for example, is, in several of its departments, rather a store-house than a museum. Many of the objects of great beauty and rare interest contained in it are carefully preserved and nothing more; and we need only refer to one great department—that, namely, of the prints and drawings—to show how much remains to be done before the institution can claim to have even decently discharged its duty to the public. The prints and drawings in the British Museum comprise material for a historical survey of the progress of art such as no other European capital could surpass. This material faithfully arranged by means of a process of reproduction entirely cipal museum in the Kingdom, [illegible] omni- not even accessible to the inhabitants of London. single example will serve to show how much remains to be done for the improvement of the institutions that are already under some sort of national control. But there is, further, a very just impression in the public mind that our system of administration needs expansion as well as reform. The public encouragement of art cannot much longer be suffered to remain in the failing hands of the Royal Academy, nor can a Government which has already undertaken the functions of elementary instruction be content to leave the higher art education of the country where it is now left by the ill-organised and inefficient schools at Burlington House. Moreover, there are other duties waiting to be done which neither the Academy nor the Government have yet attempted to do. Save for the few experiments permitted to the authorities at South Kensington there exists no organised system for the public encouragement of contemporary artists. Let those who think that such a system is unnecessary, go and attentively study a certain statue that has lately been erected on the Thames Embankment in honour of a celebrated engineer. Let them ask themselves frankly whether such a statue would have been permitted to stand for a day in any public place in Paris; or, that this may not be thought an isolated example, let them put to themselves a similar query in the presence of a new fountain in Park Lane; and, having duly weighed the national discredit brought by the presence of such works as these, they will scarcely, we think, be still disposed to deny the utility of an organised authority to encourage contemporary artists and to supervise our public monuments.

We have alluded to these several branches of art

administration not to exhaust what might be said about them, but only to show how much remains to be done in England, and how useful must be any work which tends to educate public feeling upon the subject, and direct our efforts at reform. Such a work M. Fétis may fairly claim to have written. In the opening chapters he states anew, and with a new force, the great services in all times rendered to the State by art. Merely from the economical point of view, he shows how great a source of national wealth the arts have ever been, and he thus seeks to establish the claim which the arts possess to consideration and encouragement at the hands of the State. This part of his subject M. Fétis has worked out with much ingenuity, and with ample illustration. He will not admit any sort of generosity, but only a right understanding of their own in those Governments that have freely and liberally encouraged the arts, and he shows, in the case of Belgium, a country that might otherwise hold a place of but small importance, how much dignity and lustre is added to its name by the possession of a great school of painting. But perhaps the most interesting portion of the book to English readers will be that in which M. Fétis deals with the case of our own country. In advocating the intervention of the State in the concerns of art, the example of England, so he assures us, is constantly quoted in favour of an opposite view. To this, M. Fétis makes a very apt reply not without its interest for us:—

> Economists [he writes] are wont to adduce the example of England to support an opinion unfavourable to State intervention in artistic concerns. We could not desire a stronger argument in favour of our own belief. If it is true that the English have up to this time admitted in art as well as industry a system of *laisser-faire* it is none the less true that they do not possess a great school of art. They have painters of portrait and of landscape, but it would be hard to recall a single great historical picture of any value executed in England by an Englishman. Their painters of *genre* possess spirit and fancy and humour, but the technical qualities of their work are never worthy of the idea. As to the efforts of English sculptors, all that can be said is that they are singular. It has been assumed, then, that the English are devoid of the artistic sense, but in answer to such an accusation they need only cite the names of Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Turner, Constable, Wilkie, and Bonington. The true cause of the present inferiority of the English in the arts is to be sought in the absence of any system of official administration; it is because art has been with them not an institution but a matter of individual and private interest: it is because inferior talent has had no great tradition of style upon which to repose.

But M. Fétis has a further answer to his opponents:—

> If [he says] this has been hitherto the state of things in England the movement now set on foot in that country completes the argument against the so-called economists. Soon as she felt the necessity of improving the highest kinds of manufacture by the aid of fine art, in order the better to emulate the superior workmanship of France, England at once renounced the former system of non-intervention on the part of the State. It was by the initiative of the Government, and by the support of public money, that England established schools of art and local museums. The results obtained through this radical reform are of a kind and importance to induce the English to persevere in the new path they have opened for themselves, and that being so, the economists must abandon their oft-repeated argument.

In the concluding chapters of his essay, M. Fétis discusses the various modes of intervention, pointing out the peculiar abuses to which each is liable. He is no mere enthusiast who refuses to weigh practical difficulties and conditions to which even the best theories must be subject, but he is able to show on the whole that the balance of advantage has been everywhere in favour of a liberal encouragement of art.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Sea of Mountains. An Account of Lord Dufferin's Tour through British Columbia in 1876. By Molyneux St. John. In Two Volumes. London: Hurst and Blackett.

All human effort is marked with imperfection, and this of Mr. Molyneux St. John is no exception to the general rule; indeed, it has seldom been our lot to find in so small a space so much imperfectness as mars almost every page of these volumes. When Lord Dufferin set out on his journey to the West he was attended by no less than three special correspondents, Mr. Molyneux St. John being the special of the *Toronto Globe*, and these volumes are made up of the contributions which the correspondent furnished to that respectable journal; —and we are requested to remember that they were written on "board of steamers, railway cars, and similar inconvenient places, and concerning places and topics which, in some instances, could not, from the nature of the travels, be thoroughly examined or investigated." No amount of inconvenience which a special correspondent has to suffer can warrant him in filling his letters with the gossip of every village through which he passes, or putting on record the names of every beadle, mayor, or churchwarden, who composes an ill-written address to the noble lord whose progress through Canada it was his business to describe or illustrate. The manner in which Mr. Molyneux St. John fulfilled his mission for the *Toronto Globe* may be gathered from the following product of his pen:—

> One gentleman told me he liked "the Earl because he didn't put on no frills;" another said he was an "uncommon affable gent;" and one native-born Republican, who travelled in the tobacco line, rather took to him because, his own name being "Duke," there was a kind of affinity between him and an English nobleman. Several generations ago, this gentleman's forefather had been an Englishman in Virginia, and they were "kinder aristocratic there, anyhow." Lady Dufferin wins golden opinions everywhere she is seen. She dresses very plainly, though prettily, and, strange to say, this has fetched the Americans that have been met almost as much as anything. Not one or two, but half-a-dozen, have commented upon this fact, and expressed their satisfaction thereat. I don't know how to express the peculiar attraction her ladyship has for women, but they all take to her. They think her "real cunning," "just as nice as she can be," "an elegant lady," and find other terms, which I now forget, in which to express their admiration. When the train stopped yesterday at a little wayside station to take in water, Lord and Lady Dufferin were out some way over the prairie picking wild flowers. An alarm of "all aboard" was given, and her ladyship sped across the prairie like a schoolgirl, to the great delight of a number of passengers who were watching her. But the alarm having proved to be a false one, Lady Dufferin turned back, and continued her occupation of picking flowers. "My," said a lady, "do look! She don't scare a bit." "Well, no," said another, "she's just the cunningest little thing I've seen."

The above extract is a fair specimen of the whole, alike in grammar and style, and in matter and taste, which have gone to the making of these two unnecessary books. No special correspondent had a better opportunity given him in which to distinguish himself in the public service, and surely none ever made such ill use of it as Mr. Molyneux St. John. He had not only a new and splendid country to write about, but the political and social questions which were uppermost at the time of the Viceregal visit to British Columbia are of the gravest importance for Englishmen to understand, and the special correspondent has passed them over, and contented himself with such special work as describing, among other things, the general store of Brigham Young:—"It is one of the largest stores on this continent, and over the door is a board, on which is painted an eye, and underneath it the inscription, 'Holiness to the Lord; Zion Co-operative Mercantile Institution,' which the irreverent Gentiles call 'Brig's Co-op.'" Or he reproduces for us fragments of Mr. Young's sermons:—"Lawyers are getting pretty thick here. It was so at Nauvoo. They worried the life out of Prophet Joseph, and finally secured his murder. They tried it on me, and I told them if they did not quit I'd send them to hell cross lots, and they quit. If any of these so-called officers of the law try to arrest me, and bring me before the damned cussed hounds of the law the Government has sent out here to lord it over us, I'll send 'em to hell cross lots, so help me God." Or the special correspondent will give you the latest dodge for making money among the Mormons, discuss polygamy and defend the custom in three lines, paraphrase Shakespeare, and report for the gratification of his readers the refined conversations in which he takes part in the course of his journey of 10,000 miles. Here is a specimen:—"I tell you what it is, morality don't pay out

West here. Yes, I know. I come from down East myself. Maybe you know P——? That's where I come from, and I kinder squirmed at gamblers and dance houses and faro banks and such like; I didn't cotton to 'em mor'n you do, but I come to understand it don't do. What you want to see in a Western town is a row of faro banks and herdy houses—that's where they dance—and saloons, and then the miners 'll come along and make business lively. When you hear them in the saloons a-poppin' off their revolvers at one another pretty brisk about midnight, then you says business is lively."

As the book is dedicated by permission to Lady Dufferin one would have expected better offerings than these. Sometimes, however, we get a little descriptive writing that conveys information which, if it be not new or entertaining, confirms the knowledge we had acquired from other sources. "Mormonism," observes Mr. St. John, "is the galvanised corpse of a belief. The word 'sham' seems to be imprinted in the air. The men look as if they knew they were impostors, and the women move about the most saddened-looking creatures one can imagine. There is nothing bright and fresh even about their children. Everything wears a gloomy aspect. They seem to be ashamed of themselves, though doubtless it is quiet, unspoken misery which gives them their depressed looks." Mr. Molyneux St. John gives us a photograph of Lord Dufferin and a full report of his lordship's speech at Victoria after he had traversed the entire coast of British Columbia from its southern extremity to Alaska. These are the only two things of value which the volumes contain, but they, even good as they undoubtedly are, are not worth a guinea. The Governor-General of the Dominion is one of the best English speakers of our time, and it is always a pleasure to listen to him. He tells us how, in the course of his long trip, he looked into the Dean's Mouth and crossed Gardner's Channel, visited the wonderful settlement at Mitlakatlah and that at Fort Simpson, how he had thus been enabled to realise what scenes of primitive peace and innocence, of idyllic beauty and material comfort, can be presented by the stalwart men and comely maidens of an Indian community; how he went to Skidegate in Queen Charlotte's Sound, and studied with wonder the strange characteristics of a Hydah village, with its forest of [illegible] sued the tortuous Fraser as it clove its way through the granite ridges of the Cascade range, and penetrated as far as Kamloops into the interior; how he found British Columbia a glorious province, whose coast-line presents a spectacle not to be paralleled by any country in the world, and many other things which, if they had formed part of Mr. Molyneux St. John's studies, and he had learned the act of expression, and how to wed appropriate words to happy scenes and stirring deeds, we might have had a book of travels worthy of a London publisher to print and London readers to peruse.

MINOR NOTICES.

Genio ed Amore. By Federiga Guerini. (Battezzati, via S. Giovanni alla Conca, Milan).—The name of Mlle. Federiga Guerini may not be totally unknown to English readers, some of whom found pleasure, perhaps, in reviving early knowledge of the suave tongue of Italy upon the pages of a pretty little novel published a year or two ago by this author, and called 'Bianca Romuldi.' The story was then of Florentines in Florence, of the fair land of the Casentino and of Arno valleys; in 'Genio ed Amore' our tale is still of Florentines, but this time of Florentines mostly beneath the blue sky and amid the bristling breezes of Cannes. We can speak well of the volume. It is not too long, not wearisome, and not too involved in plot. The story is, in fact, of the simplest—one of those tales whose title is a certain foreshadowing of its events, but the language is of the purest, the style quiet and elegant, and we feel sure the book will be a good acquisition to those English readers who desire to revive half-forgotten memories of Italy and Italian without being however inclined for the serious labour of plodding behind a dictionary through the pompous style of many authors both ancient and modern. Mlle. Guerini can be understood without a dictionary, and can be read without a gloomy resolve to "study." Her heroine's criticism of England and the English will be found entertaining, and if the characters in 'Genio ed Amore' are a trifle "stagey" their experiences are not too lengthy to be very agreeably read about.

Alley Baber and Son. A Mock Exchange Story. By Arthur à Beckett and Linley Sambourne. (Bradbury, Agnew, and Co.)—Those persons who regard the Stock Exchange with such dislike as to take pleasure in all skits having it for its subject, as well as the happy class of individuals who can laugh at anything if they are but told that it is meant to be funny, may perhaps be amused by 'Alley Baber and Son.' No one else is at all likely to be. It is not in the least laughable, but, on the contrary, a decidedly dull parody, whose would-be jokes appear neither original nor interesting. The book is adorned with a coloured frontispiece, a clumsy caricature of Gerome's Phryne, and some other illustrations whose only merit is their strict suitability to their text. Altogether it is a most feeble piece of fun; but as it is the first of a promised series of parodies on the 'Arabian Nights,' it is either to be hoped that the series has begun by doing its worst, or that it may be wisely discontinued altogether.

Entre-Nous. By Le Marquis de Leuville. (Chapman and Hall.)—It is not often that much is to be got out of what may be called amateur poetry, especially when its author writes in a tongue with which he cannot be perfectly familiar. But this latter difficulty has served rather to excite than to restrain the ambition of the author of 'Entre-Nous' to assert his claim as a poetical amateur, and the result is an exceedingly pleasing volume of verse. The ideas are frequently vivid and powerful, the feeling all through is deserving of praise, and its expression, in spite of the difficulty of its being couched in a foreign tongue, is easy and graceful to a remarkable degree. The volume also contains some French poems and an Italian poem, while a translation from Horace subtly intimates that the author's acquirements are not confined to living languages. One of the best poems in the volume is that called "Forgotten," which runs measure— [illegible] on in its "Hiawatha"-like

All amid the summer weath[illegible]
Close their shadows fell together,
By the parting in the meadows;
Where the grass grows longer, thicker,
At the margin of the river,
All his heart he said, and gave her;
Nothing hiding, nothing keeping;
Soft she smiled, and nestled nearer,
Till their warm breath mixed together,
Till their lips met closer, closer!
Chilling, burning as they lingered,
Passing thrills to one another.
Sweet is love, and they so often
Met, and wooed along the pathway,
That the very stream beside them
Flowed in merry mocking murmurs,
Whispering beneath the rushes,
Low replies beneath the lilies,
Glances soft along the shallows,
Laughter light among the pebbles—
All forgotten! all forgotten!

This is but the first verse of the half-dozen that form the poem with its pretty pastoral beginning and pathetic conclusion, but it is sufficient to show how ready a mastery its author has of English measure and of poetic imagery and expression. Here and there among the poems that compose the volume there appear French phrases and expressions that come in very curiously, with an effect that, doubtless unintentional, is not altogether displeasing. Thus in the translation from Horace—the Lydia and Horace—Lydia is made to feel an *ivresse*. We could wish, by the way, that this poem might be gone over again, for it has in it all the materials for an exceedingly good translation, but at present it wants music. There is a healthy poetic tone about 'Entre-Nous' that is especially worthy of recommendation.

MUSIC.

ENGLISH SONGS.

People's Songs and Ballads. The Music by M. L. Lawson. London: Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.

A composer who, in this country, attempts anything above the ordinary level of the drawing-room ballad, ought to be first of all congratulated on his courage; so small is the chance of external success, that the consciousness of having done his duty by art must be his chief remuneration. Cases in point are but too abundant. Not long ago we noticed with high commendation the, in many respects, admirable settings of the lyrics in Bayley's "Festus," by Mr. Rudall, a promising young musician. But in spite of their merits these songs have, as far as we are aware, been totally excluded from the concert-room, and a similar treatment at the hands of professional singers has been experienced by Mr. J. W. Davison, the musical "discoverer" of Shelley. His "Illustrations" of that poet and of Keats, written many years ago, are amongst the most charming specimens of simple true-felt English song. But as yet they seem born to blush unseen, like many another flower of the same garden.

That Mr. Lawson's 'Songs and Ballads' may escape the fate of undeserved neglect is our sincere wish. Our reasons for this wish are almost of a personal nature. For it is on the basis so frequently and so warmly advocated by us, namely, on that of the popular song, that Mr. Lawson has founded his musical conceptions. Thus a "Jacobite Lament" (No. 17), the words by an anonymous author, is full of noble courage and defiance not unmixed with melancholy at the decay of the "cause;" while the reckless gaiety of the Cavaliers is illustrated by three songs of Sir John Suckling, of which the first, "Love's Resolves" (No. 11), is perhaps the most satisfactory. But, upon the whole, it strikes us that Mr. Lawson's disposition as a composer tends towards the gentle and sentimental rather than towards the humorous. This opinion is confirmed by two other attempts in the latter direction—"A Student's Song" and "A Yorkshireman's Love Song" (Nos. 5 and 6), although neither of them lacks spirit and a certain originality. Of the strictly popular songs, Nos. 9 and 16 deserve mention; the former, "When I Am Dead, my Dearest," (words by Christina Rossetti), a simple tune which clings to the memory; the latter, a charming setting of Marlowe's well-known "Passionate Shepherd," the merit of which, however, is somewhat impaired by its striking resemblance to a chorus from Handel's *Israel in Egypt* both as regards the theme and the pastoral colouring of its harmonic basis. In justice to Mr. Lawson, it ought to be added that this is the only instance of an actual reminiscence we have noted, although the legitimate influence of the early English composers, and occasionally of Schubert and Schumann, is observable throughout the collection. Amongst the songs of this group it remains to name a love ditty as simple and as tender as ever emerged from that inexhaustible source of poetic feeling—the heart of the people. This song, called "Adieu" (No. 14), before all others, deserves to be on everyone's lips. Its melody is easy to remember, and the accompaniment may be mastered at sight by a moderately skilled player. The beautiful words are by Thomas Carlyle. In another portion of Mr. Lawson's songs the simplicity of the Volkslied has been exchanged for a more subjective mode of expression. We are speaking of feeling rather than of musical form, for in the latter respect no such difference is discernible. Amongst the songs of this class those addressed to "Kitty," which open the collection, form a separate group. Kitty is a fair maiden surrounded by, and likened to, bees and flowers, and other charming things, and fashioned, it would appear, to inspire gentle admiration rather than stormy passion, although in one of the songs her poet, Mr. Marzials, somewhat hyperbolically exclaims that "Kitty in her golden glory, is my religion too." In accordance with the sentiment of the words, Mr. Lawson's settings of these songs are graceful and light in character, with only an occasional indication of deeper feeling. The melodious flow of the third of these little lyrics is unfortunately somewhat marred by great monotony of rhythm. For want of musical type we cannot explain our meaning better than by saying that the rhythmical motive of the song is founded on the following metrical formula:

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continued with the interruption of but half a bar from the first to the last note of the accompaniment, much to the detriment of an otherwise very pretty composition. A song of a type superior to those just mentioned, although belonging to the same class of subjective lyrics, is the one called "A Secret," No. 15 of the collection. Here music and poetry have combined to produce an idyll of tenderest lyrical charm. Again we regret our inability to give musical quotations. But we will add Mr. Marzial's charming words to convey at least some idea of the music which so perfectly renders their import:—

At the heart of the wood is a crystal well,
And the nightingale sings near it,
And what she sings there's none can tell,
For no one is nigh to hear it.

At the heart of the wood is a silent tree,
And the nightingale sings above it;
Near a name once written where none should see,
And no one now lives to love it.

After having sufficiently indicated the poetic qualities of Mr. Lawson's song, it remains to add a few words as to his musical workmanship. We have on former occasions pointed out the three principal divisions of the artistic song according to the differences of structure; the first division being the strophic song, in which the tune of the first verse is repeated over and over again; the second taking the form of the rondeau, in so far as the first theme is repeated again in the last verse, the intervening stanza or stanzas introducing different melodious materials; the third, and most elaborate, approaching the form of the free fantasia or rhapsody, in which the music varies according to the poetical requirements of the single stanzas. Mr. Lawson has throughout adhered to the first and simplest of these forms, and, considering the popular aim and character of his work, no doubt justly so. At the same time it must be confessed that an occasional deviation from the rule, especially in the more impassioned pieces, would have been welcome to the musician. The same principle of almost exaggerated simplicity obtains in the harmonious treatment of most of these songs. On studying the works of Robert Franz and other great German lyrists, Mr. Lawson will find that these masters know how to combine interesting and striking harmonies with the absolute *naïveté* of the Volkslied. The ritornel is especially the place where such features may be fitly introduced; and in comparing, for instance, the interludes in the wonderful song, "Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz," by Robert Franz, with any of Mr. Lawson's ritornels, the reader will at once perceive the gist of our remarks. Another respect in which we think Mr. Lawson's work capable of much improvement is the purity of his harmonious progressions. It is true that the rules of the strict style of the old Italian masters have been considerably relaxed by the practice of modern composers. Beethoven and Wagner, and even Bach, occasionally deviate from the strict precepts of musical grammar, and the sequence of fifths rigorously prohibited by earlier theorists may be not unfrequently met with in their works. But there is almost always some melodious or contrapuntal reason to account for such irregularities. Such a reason it would be sometimes difficult to discover in Mr. Lawson's work. We fail, for instance, to perceive why a Yorkshireman, more than any other man, should make love to such unsophisticated fifths as continually occur in the song devoted to that subject (No. 6). Mr. Lawson also ought to know, and no doubt does know, that the minor seventh is bound to resolve downwards, and not upwards as it does in the last but one bar of his third song. We trust that in his future works he will not again indulge in these and

other trifling peccadilloes, not at least till, by some more elaborate and scholarly composition, he has proved himself possessed of that perfect knowledge of the musical code which alone confers a right of taking liberties with it. In the meantime, such slight blemishes ought not to prevent us from cordially welcoming these songs which, both as regards melodious invention and poetic feeling, are the most promising English music we have seen for a good while.

DRAMA.

THE "DEAD SECRET" AT THE LYCEUM.

The 'Dead Secret' holds a very distinguished place among the novels of this century. It was written at the only time in the history of our literature when we can be said to have had a school of English novelists, grouped round a recognised master, and working more or less under his guidance. The younger men who wrote stories for *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*, under the editorship of Dickens, formed something much nearer a school than had ever appeared before in England. Of all the productions of the pupils of this school there was none which attracted more attention than the 'Dead Secret.' It is said to have kept the readers of *Household Words* in a perfect agony of suspense, as it ran its course in that periodical in 1857. We can well believe it, for, apart from the ingeniously-conceived and well-maintained Secret—an artifice of plot which received the honour of being imitated by the master himself in 'Great Expectations'—the novel is full of interesting characters and clever dialogue. As far as the characters go, one would have thought that it would lend itself easily to adaptation for the stage. Sarah Leeson, Rosamond, Andrew Treverton, Shrowl, Dr. Chennery, Mr. Phippen, Munder, are all strongly-marked characters, such as would not suffer injury from the glare of the footlights. The only character that one would have expected to lose by transplantation to the stage is, singularly enough, the only one that is at all adequately rendered in the version just produced at the Lyceum. The tender-hearted oddities and quaint touches of pathos by which Uncle Joseph endears himself to the reader were almost certain, one would have thought, not to be preserved on the stage. Uncle Joseph ran great risk of being vulgarised by being turned into an ordinary comic German, such as the hurdy-gurdy player enacted lately by Mr. George Conquest at the Grecian. But Mr. E. Lyons has entered thoroughly into the spirit of the childlike old man, and acts the part with a softness and tenderness which are perfectly delightful.

The writer of the Lyceum adaptation, though he worked with Mr. Wilkie Collins's express permission, has not been over successful. He shows that he possesses one quality essential to the successful dramatisation of a novel—the courage to depart boldly from the sequence of incidents in the original. Many of the incidents are new, and most of the dialogue, and the characters are materially modified. The Secret is no longer a secret—that is to say, the audience are taken into confidence from the beginning. Sarah Leeson's motive for keeping the secret is made more definite and generally intelligible; the sly mysterious woman whose motives are skilfully kept hazy and inexplicable in the novel degenerates into an ordinary deceiver from the vulgar motive of advantage to her child. The spirit of her dead mistress, of which, in the novel, she lives in mysterious fear, is embodied, and walks the stage, dogging the poor woman through every act, and receiving a formal *congé* at the conclusion of the play. In this the adapter follows a good model, the author of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, whose language at various points in the play he studiously imitates, but he does not use his supernatural machinery, with its chilling accompaniment of howling winds and low music, with sufficient discretion. We see so much of the ghost that she becomes quite like an old acquaintance before the end of the play, claiming rather to be dismissed with a cheery "Good-bye, old girl," than an awe-stricken "Rest, rest, perturbed spirit," with which, or words to that effect, she is consigned to her last repose. Miss Bateman's Sarah Leeson is a thrilling and powerful performance, but it is not in the least like the Sarah Leeson of the novel. It is much too loud to give any idea of the original, whose quiet gentle movements and strange haunting eyes take such an irresistible hold of the superstitious fancy. In reading the novel one can hardly raise one's eyes for fear of seeing her stealing quietly out of a corner with that beseeching look of mysterious pain and uneasy endurance; the slightest noise makes one start as if one heard her stifled cry. Miss Bateman's hard hysterical shrieking at a visible ghost excites not the faintest reminiscence of Sarah Leeson's mysterious fascination. We have no doubt that Miss Bateman considers this more marked manner to be necessary for stage effect; but surely it ought to be possible to make subdued utterance and stealthy movement more enthralling on the stage than this ear-piercing loudness.

The new "comedietta," *A March Hare Hunt*, by Mr. F. F. Moore, played at the Lyceum before the *Dead Secret*, is not without ingenuity, though it contains too many dull passages to be a very amusing farce. The part of Mrs. Grumball is played by Miss Kate Pattison, who appears for the first time at the Lyceum. Miss Pattison has acted very gracefully in every part that she has undertaken hitherto, and has raised considerable expectations as to what she will do when she gets a better opportunity.

VARIORUM NOTES.

A curious annual ceremony has just been performed on Dartmoor. It goes by the name of "Ye Fyshinge Feaste" (the spelling is a cardinal point) and was instituted to celebrate Sir Francis Drake's feat of supplying Plymouth with pure water from the river Mew, by means of a leat or watercourse carried across the moor. The Mayor and Corporation and their invited guests meet on these occasions at the Head Weir leat is passed from hand to hand, filled with water from the appearing to drink, and repeating, "To the pious memory of Sir Francis Drake." After this, as a measure of prudence, or perhaps as a penance for the sin of water-drinking, another goblet filled with wine is passed round in like manner to the burden of "May the descendants of him who brought us water never want wine." This is followed by a banquet, at which trout, netted in the leat, are served up; and which this year was graced by the presence of the President of the British Association. It is no doubt a goodly custom thus to commemorate the boon conferred on Plymouth by Sir Francis Drake, who, with a singular foresight, was careful to secure the watershed. In consequence of this, when a leat was wanted for Devonport, it had to be sought so far that its makers hailed with delight the news of an unfathomable tarn, called Crazywell Pool, which lay right in their way. This was said to have been sounded with miles of bell-ropes, and to have seemed absolutely bottomless. "Zo," according to a well-known Devonshire humourist, "zay zet up a zteam-engine and pump un dry in dree hours."

The Rubens Festival seems to have preserved its popular character to the last. Very few foreign associations were present, which may perhaps somewhat comfort the people who consider the Royal Academy guilty of a want of good taste in not sending an official representative. If that were the only outlet for the Royal Academy's bad taste, it is a pity there is not a Rubens Festival every day during the hanging season for them to vent it on. But as a matter of fact, the only foreign associations represented were the French Academy, the German Athenæum in London, the Society of Painters in Water-colours, and the Art Academy of Weimar. Neither Munich, Düsseldorf, nor Berlin were represented. The

Belgians attribute this neglect to German pique. To the objection that the presence of the German Athenæum disproves this suspicion, the Antwerp people reply that they would not have come either had not the Great Eastern Railway organised a cheap excursion in the wild hopes of being able to retrieve its position thereby and pay a current bill of 2*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* for wheel-grease.

It appears that Hackländer received exceptionally small sums for his works, and leaves nothing but one house in Stuttgart, his villa on the Lake of Starnberg having already been sold. After having made the fortunes of three publishers, this must be rather a disappointment to his family. When Auerbach dies, the disappointment will probably be the other way. When he heard, a few years ago, that it was intended to start a sort of German *Revue des deux Mondes*, but without any novel, he exclaimed, "What! no novel? That is like a dinner-table laden with heavy meats and pastry, but without any flowers. It is true, beautiful flowers are dear, *ja, ja*, very dear! I require 400 thalers a sheet—400 thalers. And I get it, too, *ja, ja*, I get it." And Auerbach nodded, and Rabbi Ambrose Geiger nodded. But when the accounts for *Das Landhaus am Rhein* came in, Cotta is said to have done quite the reverse of nodding.

A great deal might be done, during the present war, for the clearing up of questions connected with ethnology and kindred matters, if the mind of special correspondents were given to such subjects. A German writer with the Russian army, who has at least some inclination that way, reports from Alexandrapol—that is, Gumri, in Asia Minor:—"I have discovered that the Armenian people of this neighbourhood still worship the long-forgotten Germanic chief deity, Wodan; though only in name. Their supreme being, in its quality of God the Father, is called, quite in old Teutonic manner, Aswod; which appears to be so full a coincidence as to suggest at once the reading As Wodan, or God Wodan. Whoever would study closely the language and the customs of these troglodytes, who have for thousands of years remained in the same state of civilisation, would no doubt find many an antique mummified idea or myth in these cave villages." The correspondent is mistaken in believing that those populations have always remained in the same state of civilisation; but his suggestion about As Wodan is exceedingly probable. The Armenians belong to the great Indo-Germanic family. The Caucasus has within historical times repeatedly contained fragments of the Teutonic race. The present, fair-haired, blue-eyed Ossetes are indubitably a remnant of the latter. Wodan, or Woden, is still spoken of to-day, in German folk-lore, as Wod, or Waud. He may, therefore, easily linger in Armenia under the name of As Wod. Another remark of the correspondent, that "the word 'Baron' must be of purely Armenian origin, as it is used in the sense of 'Mr.' or 'mein Herr,' in the ordinary address of the natives between themselves," does not quite hit the mark, though the writer is by no means on the wrong track. "Baron," or "baro," is an Old German word, meaning man. Its root can be traced in other Aryan languages with a similar signification. No wonder, therefore, that Indo-Germanic Armenians should use the same word in a kindred sense. The cultured Armenians of Constantinople—says the correspondent—do not like being addressed by a countryman of theirs as "Baron," and set one who does so at once down as a rustic. "Effendi" is the title which the Armenians in the Turkish capital affect. It is even as in Germany the word "Madame," or "Mademoiselle," was used, for a time, instead of "Frau" and "Fräulein," by classes affecting a spurious foreign polish.

During the recent celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the University of Upsala, in Sweden, many visitors were attracted to the Library where two of the greatest literary treasures of the Teuton race are preserved—namely, a parchment manuscript of Snorri Sturlason's Edda, and the famous *Codex Argenteus*. The latter contains the translation of the four gospels in Moeso-Gothic language, and is the oldest record of Germanic speech. It was made by Bishop Ulfilas, who, probably hailing from Cappadocian ancestry, was born among the Goths of the Danube, in the year 318, and died, at the age of seventy, in Constantinople. The manuscript at Upsala dates from the end of the fifth or the beginning of the sixth century, when the Ostro-Goths held sway in Italy. It has been alternately in the possession of Germany, from which it was forcibly carried away to Sweden; then in Holland; and was finally sold to the University of Upsala. It is written on purple-tinted parchment in golden and silver letters; or, according to another view, printed in the manner in which bookbinders impress the titles on the back of a volume. The 'Codex' has 187 leaves, one of which is partly destroyed. Two others are damaged, but still quite legible. For a time, ten leaves had disappeared in an unaccountable way. One day, some person, being on the point of death, mysteriously requested Professor Uppström to come and visit him, when the dying man declared that years ago he had bought the wanting leaves from the valet of a travelling Englishman, but that fear, and the desire of revenging himself for an injury, had hitherto prevented him from restoring them to the rightful owner. The repentant sufferer asked, in his hour of death, not to be disturbed by further questions. It is probable that he himself had once abstracted the valuable leaves; but at any rate he undid the wrong he had committed. Thus the world-famed 'Codex' became complete again.

The MacMahonists have got a "Marseillaise des 363," of which the first verse runs as follows:—

Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de vote est arrivé.
Contre nous de la tromperie
L'étendard coupable est levé;
Entendez-vous dans les campagnes
Mugir trois cent soixante-trois!
Ils voudraient venir à la fois
Egarer nos fils, nos compagnes!
Aux urnes, électeurs!
Prenez vos bulletins!
Votons! votons! Agitateurs,
Fuyez de nos scrutins.

Mr. Edward Jenkins, the member for Dundee, has, it seems, resolved on proceedings against the *Morning Post* for what that journal said recently regarding his controversy with Mr. Phillip Callan on the subject of Home Rule.

It is said, we do not know with what truth, that Mr. O'Donnell is a writer for the *Morning Post*.

There is one thing which seems to have been omitted from the calculations of those generous disciples of Canon Gregory who have given the *Daily Express* a holiday till November 1. Before that time the Church Congress will have met, and parted; and what morning paper have we left that will have the courage, or the space, or the inclination, to do it justice?

The Divinity Halls of Scotland are much exercised about the morals and habits of their students, on account of a statement in an article in *Macmillan's Magazine*, to the effect that "the towns where they are collected for spiritual culture they defile more scandalously than any other class which makes no pretensions to spiritual culture." If this is not a misprint, it is indeed a grave charge.

"High jinks" are not common in churches, and such of them as are looked upon as orthodox take place in the pulpit. Hitherto they have been considered to be not altogether compatible with the position of an organist. But organists are no longer "poor and old," like the soldier "in Anna's wars," but young, well-to-do, and occasionally mischievous. A story is circulating of one in a provincial town which ought to make Anglican incumbents beware to whom in future they entrust the duty of piping to their flocks. Being more remarkable as an artist for his versatility than for his respect for conventionalities, he had been in the habit of dismissing the congregation that employed him with blessings in the shape of snatches from operas instead of from oratorios. Remonstrated with by his clerical superior, he promised amendment. The next Sunday, however, the spirit of mischief proved as fascinating as an *idée fixe*. He was engaged in giving *fortiori imo* Luther's "Ein' Feste Burg," when this demon entered his heart, or at least one of his hands, and, applying one of the soft stops of the pedals, he gave in slow time "Tommy make room for your Uncle." Gathering recklessness as he proceeded, he

gave increased volume and emphasis to Tommy at the expense of Luther, and in time the ears of such of the congregation as remained were filled with the music-hall melody. It is unnecessary to add that the subsequent musical proceedings in this church are not likely to interest the daring innovationist much more.

Burning candles is, as everyone knows, a practice among Ritualists, but some of them seem to burn their candles at both ends. At a well-known assurance office in town, the female clerks have been fined of late to a most unusual extent on the ground of unpunctuality in attendance. It has been discovered on inquiry that this arises from the custom of "watching" in church at late or early hours.

Not much has been heard of Bishop Colenso lately. He is, however, not only alive, but hopeful. The cathedral church congregation at Natal lately presented him with an address; and, in reply to it, the Bishop expressed a belief that the new translation of the Bible would "throw light on many dark places," while he spoke favourably of the new lectionary, on the ground that it "directs the attention of Churchmen to some of the important conclusions of modern criticism." The sooner Convocation overhauls the new lectionary the better, for the Bishop looks forward to a not distant time when conclusions like his own will be accepted "like the conclusions of modern astronomy and geology."

In an article on German tailors and German journalists, the *Pall Mall Gazette* makes a number of mis-statements, which, with a little more care, it would have been easy to avoid. Referring to the expatriation of journalists, it says that "Heine did not live in Paris, nor Freiligrath in London, merely from choice; nor probably was it from choice alone that the two poets became newspaper correspondents." No doubt Heine was a poet, and a journalist, too. But Freiligrath, as an exile before, and again after, 1848–49, earned his bread in a commercial calling; first, as a clerk, and later as the manager of a foreign bank, until a national testimonial allowed him, after an amnesty, to return to his native country. In England he now and then gave forth some revolutionary or patriotic lay; or he wrote, occasionally, some literary notice in English; but he was not a newspaper correspondent. In fact, the whole bent of his mind was not in the least adapted to that occupation. The *Pall Mall Gazette* is also in error when saying of the journalists recently assembled in Congress at Dresden, that "their debates were brief, and the only resolution passed was one calling upon the German Parliament to enforce a more lenient and considerate treatment of persons imprisoned for political offences." This was but one of a number of debates and resolutions. The Congress occupied itself also with a proposition referring to the support of aged and invalid journalists. It furthermore discussed very fully the question of the liberty of the Press in its various bearings, chiefly with regard to the responsibility of editors and other persons connected with the publication of a paper; the stamp duty; the caution-money; the colportage; the compulsory tendering of evidence in matters of authorship, and so forth. It was resolved upon to request the committee to draw up a memorandum on these questions for next year's Congress. Finally, we may say a good word about the German tailors. The *Pall Mall Gazette* seems to think that they are very different men, in political aspirations, from the journalists, or that they have no such aspirations at all. In truth, German tailors, like the shoemakers, are a set of constitutional grumblers, very much inclined to Liberal and Radical views. Not a few of them, too, were exiled, or expatriated themselves. As to the idea of constructing a more national and more shapely costume—such as Poles, Hungarians, and Russians have affected, or still affect—there has been a movement of this kind in Germany already, at the time of the overthrow of Napoleon I.

Princess Mercedes, King Alfonso's future bride, has been very strictly educated by the Duc de Montpensier, and carefully protected from the evil influences of Queen Isabella's Court. She is always simply dressed in black, and has never indulged her admirers with bird's-eye views of the swanlike expanse of neck and shoulders which, as *Punch* says, need but one more struggle to emancipate themselves entirely from the trammels of dress. She possesses much firmness of disposition, and very different tastes to those of her mother and sister-in-law. Since the marriage has been practically decided on, the Princess of Asturias has been sulking with her brother, and singing and playing the most dismally lugubrious ditties and *nocturnes melancholiques*.

The *New Free Press* says that it is not generally known that Mme. Aristarchi, recently banished from Constantinople on a charge of conspiracy, was a daughter of the late Prussian General von Bonin, the wife of the Turkish Ambassador in Berlin, Aristarchi Bey. That is quite true; it is not generally known, inasmuch as the lady in question is not the daughter of General Bonin, nor the wife of the Ambassador, but of his brother Miltiades, and the daughter, celebrated for her beauty, of a doctor in Constantinople. On the other hand, it is quite true that Aristarchi Bey married a daughter of General Bonin. The General was not blessed with much wealth, but with many marriageable daughters. One day the Turkish Ambassador called upon him and asked if he might hope to become the General's son-in-law. "With pleasure," replied General Bonin, delighted. "How many do you want?" Aristarchi, seeing that the General took him for a Mussulman, replied with some trepidation that he was a Christian, and only wanted one. "What a nuisance!" grumbled the General. "Well, take whichever you like!"

Somebody says somewhere that the Emir of Cabul has announced that any British spy found in his dominions will be immediately shot from the cannon's mouth. It is not likely that the Emir has made any such declaration. We set the example in blowing from guns, but we do not care for vulgar imitation.

They have been having a marriage lottery in Kansas city, Mo., which has proved a great success. Contrary to the distribution of the sexes, the number of men anxious to be married predominated over the women, for a thousand of the rougher sex were among the competitors for less than half the number of women. The lucky winners were married in the presence of the county judge.

A centennial celebration of the famous surrender of General [illegible] October 17, 1777, at Schuyler[illegible], man to General Gates, on N.Y., in October.

It is impossible to consider literature dear in New York, where Mr. Thomas Hardy's novel, 'A Pair of Blue Eyes,' is published for ten cents, in the series known as the "Tribune's Novels."

The Woodruff Expedition promises to be "a big thing." The steamship *Ontario*, which is to be used for the voyage, is capable of affording room for 400 students. The ship will sail from New York direct to St. Thomas and the Barbadoes. Thence she will go to the island of Marajo, at the mouth of the Amazon, to Pio, Montevideo, and through the Straits of Magellan to Valparaiso, to the Society, Navigators', and Fiji Islands, Australia, Formosa, Nagasaki, Yokohama, and Jeddo, in Japan; the Yellow Sea and the mouth of the river Peiho, in China, whence excursions will be made to Pekin and the grand Chinese Wall. The vessel will then proceed to Hong Kong and Canton, Manila, Celebes, Borneo, Java, Singapore, Calcutta, Ceylon, Bombay, the head of the Persian Gulf, whence those who wish may visit the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh. The next point will be Aden, on the straits of Babel Mandeb, and thence through the Red Sea and Suez Canal to Alexandria. From this point Cairo and the Nile, as far as the first cataract, will be visited. From Alexandria the vessel will go to Jaffa, the port of Jerusalem, to Athens, Mycenæ, various ports in Italy, Spain, and Portugal. From Portugal it will go to Cherbourg and Plymouth, and from Plymouth, by way of the Azores, to New York.

At a recent meeting of the American Geographical Society, Dr. Van der Horck gave an account of his experiences in Lapland, and the difficulty he had in obtaining casts from the

faces of the Lapps—masks of living faces being of special importance to the ethnologist. The chief difficulty lay in the fondness for oil evidenced by the natives, who insisted upon licking off the oil put on the face to keep the plaster of Paris from sticking, totally indifferent as to whether the oil used was olive or train oil. On one occasion the plaster mask stuck to the face of the Lapp who was being operated upon, and the doctor had great difficulty in getting it off, to the great alarm of the patient, who, when finally set free, seized the doctor's loaded gun, and was hardly to be prevented from going for him.

A German paper gives an elaborate account of a new proof of the extreme pressure of water to which the Atlantic cable is subjected. According to this journal, it is now the custom, on some of the Transatlantic steamers—though it is the first time we have heard of the custom—when a certain distance out at sea, to lower a bottle of champagne down into the depths, which bottle of champagne when drawn up is found to contain nothing but sea-water, although the cork and its fastenings still remain intact. The cause for this, according to the authority, is that the pressure forces the sea-water in through the pores of the cork, and drives the light sparkling liquid out. Perhaps, however, some strange sea-being drinks the champagne and substitutes the sea-water; or, perhaps, as the affair is not unlike a practical joke, it would be well to ascertain exactly what the bottle did contain before it was sent down.

The Belgian physician, who thinks that life may be maintained on air alone, because, when emaciation has reached a certain point, the nitrogen of the air may gain admission to the circulatory system, and who holds that persons who professedly live for weeks without food may in fact exist without other nourishment than they can obtain from the air, beats Dr. Nicholas hollow. How to live on nothing a day is a great advance upon how to live upon sixpence a day. The Belgian doctor has now only to explain how it happens that people occasionally do die of starvation.

It is more or less the thing now among certain æsthetic archæologists to speak of the statue in the Louvre as the Venus of Melos, instead of using the more familiar term Venus de Milo. It is of course perfectly true that the island is called Melos. But if so, the goddess was never called Venus, but Aphrodite. Let us have one thing or the other; strict accuracy, or common sense and custom.

An amusing story comes from the Ardennes, where, according to the tale, an agriculturalist recently died, leaving a wife, a horse, and a dog. A few moments before his death he called his wife to him, and bade her sell the horse, and give the proceeds of the sale to his relatives, and to sell the dog and keep the money thus gained for herself. Soon after the death the wife went to the market with the horse and dog, and exhibited them, with the announcement that the price of the dog was 500 francs, and that of the horse 5 francs. The passers-by stopped and stared, and judged the woman mad, more especially as she informed all would-be purchasers that to buy the horse it was necessary to buy the dog first. At last a curious passer-by concluded the bargain; after which the skilful woman handed over 5 francs to the family of her deceased husband, and retained 500 francs for herself, thus contriving at the same time to carry out the letter, if not the spirit, of the wishes of her husband, and to secure the largest sum of money for herself. The story is good; but we are not sure that we have not heard the tale told before, with the scene laid in Ireland.

MM. Meilhac and Halévy's new Variétés piece, *La Cigale*, to be produced towards the end of September, is being looked forward to with great interest by Parisians. No wonder—when it has been written for Céline Chaumont and Dupuis.

'Ten of Them;' or, the Children of Danehurst, is the title of a new book by Mrs. R. M. Bray—a title which describes the number of children in the family whose holiday doings are amusingly chronicled. Messrs. Griffith and Farran will issue it in their square half-crown series, with twelve pictures by A. H. Collins.

Messrs. Griffith and Farran will publish in the early winter season a humorous book about children, illustrated by J. Proctor, suitable both for children and for those of older growth, entitled 'Those Unlucky Twins,' by A. Lyster.

The librarian of the Laurenziana in Florence, Commendatore Ferrucci, a poet of some note, committed suicide on the 19th inst. by jumping out of the window into a well in the courtyard below.

A very pleasant addition, both to our literature and to one of the best of our arts, may be expected in a forthcoming 'Dictionary of Music,' by Mr. George Grove.

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